POEMS and CHARADES

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POEMS AND CHARADES

BY

MARY C. BARRETT BROWN

WITH A KEY

AND

ANSWERS IN VERSE

NEW YORK

1888

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Introduction.

Mary Chadwick Barrett, the wife of Hon. Addison Brown, was the only child of Dr. Dustin Barrett of Hudson, N. H., where she was born Dec. 24, 1827. Her father was a descendant of the first settlers of that region, and died at the age of 36, in her fourth year. He was so esteemed and beloved for his skill as a surgeon and physician, and for his genial personal qualities, that after nearly sixty years he is still spoken of with affection in the community where he lived and practiced; and the sweetness of his fine, benevolent nature had impressed itself fully even upon her childish memory. After his death she removed with her mother to the home of her grandfather, Joseph Chadwick, Esq.,—a country farm-house in Bradford, Mass., where she lived until the death of her mother, in her nineteenth year. Through her maternal grandmother, Mary Parker, she was a descendant of Parson Balch, the first minister of the East Parish of Bradford.

After her mother's death, she became for a time a member of the family of Benjamin Greenleaf, Esq., for whom she always retained a great affection. In 1849 she graduated at Bradford Academy, in which a few years before her death, she established a scholarship in memory of her grandfather, one of the founders of the Institution. After her graduation, two years were spent in teaching; first in Hudson, the Mecca of her affection; afterwards at the Academy in Greenland, N. H., and at Newbury, Mass. In the midst of her zeal in this work, appeared the first decisive failure of the delicate and unstable nervous organization, inherited from her maternal grandmother, that was to prove the bodily affliction of her life,—the "Mordecai in the gate" of her future (p. 160). After three years of invalidism she had meas-

urably recovered ; and in 1856 she was married to Judge Addison Brown of New York, where she resided until her death, April 26th. 1887. She was buried at Woodlawn Cemetery.

Her last illness was brief, and without suffering. The day before her death she calmly said : "Do not be troubled; if it must come now, it is as well ; I have faced this thing for years." No immediate danger, however, was apprehended. The next day she desired some favorite hymns to be read to her, and while listening to them,—among others, "Nearer My God to Thee,"—she passed imperceptibly into unconsciousness, as into the gentlest sleep, and in a few moments ceased to breathe. It was a translation "upon joyful wing," rather than the death that human nature fears.

Twenty years ago her earlier verses were printed in a little volume to make a pleasant surprise for her as a Christmas and birthday gift. A few copies were distributed among friends, who since her decease have desired that her later poems might be added. She never made any pretension, however, to the gifts of a poet ; and in her self-distrust and invalid condition, she never attempted serious and elaborate composition, such as her evident poetic feeling and imagination might, perhaps, have warranted her in undertaking. With the exception of the two campaign songs of 1856, nothing that she wrote was designed for publication. All grew out of special occasions ; and nearly all of her verses were addressed to correspondents in the interchanges of friendship. They are printed, in the form in which they were sent, as a memorial of their author to those who loved her, and who would cherish her memory.

After her first prostration, she never regained firm health. She scarcely knew a day free from suffering. Seasons of illness and partial recovery succeeded each other in varying alternations. During two-thirds of her married life she was chiefly confined to the house, and during most of that time to her room ; often in such distress that death was a wished-for relief. Her life was an almost incessant struggle with debility and suffering ; a vain quest for some remedy ; a never-ending study of the causes of that constitutional malady which eluded the physicians' art, and which was

for long periods so pressing as to exclude all other thoughts. The most effective relief was found in fresh air, and in physical exercise when she could bear it; when she could not, only mental occupation remained; and upon that, quick fatigue set narrow limits.

It was in these depressing circumstances, to which her patient and heroic spirit never succumbed, and amid the cares of the household, the direction of which she never surrendered, that most of these verses were written; partly as an agreeable mental occupation, an intellectual diversion and pastime in the solitude of invalid life; and partly from affection for her correspondents, whom she invested with something of an ideal atmosphere, and with whom she loved to communicate in other than the ordinary forms. Her best poetic work was all inspired by some personal feeling. "Looking Back," breathes the pathos of love for another's happy home by one who had known what it was to have none. "My Flower," was addressed to a loved sister-in-law, upon the birth of her first born. "To Violet," was composed for a very dear newly found cousin. "Alpine Flowers," for a life-long friend. The motive of the "Grammatical Charade" is found in the last two lines. All of the acrostic charades, and most of the other charades, were carefully prepared as anniversary messages on Christmas and Lady day, for the correspondent whose place in her heart is shown in the song "When the bright bouvardias flame." "Pansies" was composed for a very early and revered friend, and is an expansion of the few lines on the same subject at p. 138. "Many Sails," was written in acknowledgment of a profusion of richly colored and varied Sweet Peas.

A number of minor pieces, such as brief stanzas written on postal cards to her correspondents in lieu of letters, announcing a departure to the country, or a return; and many other trifles of little or no literary merit, conveying some acknowledgment, or brief message, have been included; because they illustrate her habits, and her fondness for rhythmical expression, as well also as that natural gayety of temper which was so great a relief to her through years of invalidism. Illustrative of the latter trait is the following note, which accompanied a copy of "Many Sails,"—a poem in which sweet peas are enigmatically treated.

My Dear A.:

This little addition to your Thanksgiving dinner I hope will not prove unwelcome. It came into being this summer, while I was in Litchfield. It was not intended as a charade; but you can look upon it as such, if it is not too transparent. If it will not serve that purpose, I beg you to consider it a *Bouquet*. Should you find it neither fair nor sweet enough for that, perhaps it may furnish material for *soup!* But if too *thin* for that, and fit for nothing else, as a last resort you can *parch* it; and if there is truth in an old saying, that will at least make it *lively*.

Perhaps to most people that have passed the morning and the high noon of life, there is always more or less of a "by-the-rivers-of-Babylon" feeling that saddens all holidays and anniversaries; and no ships, alas, can ever bear us back to the happy and careless days of childhood, or to the joyous New England Thanksgiving as we knew it in the olden times.

Hoping that each of my little ships will bear you a kindly Thanksgiving greeting, and that none of them may be wrecked on the voyage,

I am yours, etc.

Fancy and imagination were large elements of her intellectual nature, and gave charm and color to all her verse. She was naturally meditative and reflective, and her enjoyments were largely in the ideal. She loved to linger in contemplation of beautiful objects; not for themselves only, but for the suggestions they awakened, in which thought and fancy traveled far away in the realms of historic association, or of spiritual analogy. If her fancy seemed at times to become fanciful, it but enwreathed some subtle thought, or delicately touched in symbol some question of the spiritual life. There was, however, nothing unreal or visionary about her. None was more genuine in all her ways and thoughts; none more practical, none of more vigorous common sense, or sounder in judgment; none stood more firmly on the solid ground of truth and fact; and few observed more closely, or had a firmer grasp of the broad facts of life and experience. From youth up, devotion to the real and the genuine, abhorrence of equivocation and deceit, and sturdy fidelity to the truth, were dominant traits. As a living force she stood through life, and in all things, emphatically for thoroughness, faithfulness, and truth. Even in the most subtle and fanciful of these poems, accurate knowledge of her subject, and perfect fidelity in description, attest the clear uprightness of her mind. Hers was one of those many-sided natures in which opposite characteristics impart richness and vigor to the whole.

Similar contrasts existed in her sympathetic and emotional nature.

With a vivid sense of the just and the unjust, her heart sank, and her faith trembled, before the vast panorama that life unfolds of suffering in man and brute. It was the enigma never solved of

> "the weary and the heavy weight
> Of all this unintelligible world."

The cloud never lifted. Mrs. Browning's lines were often on her lips :

> "In all your music my pathetic minor
> Your ears shall cross."

Yet she had a "spirit gay as rose-crowned June," ever bursting into fresh bloom through all the environments of sorrow ; full of jest and humorous anecdote, and quick in witty repartee.

In the stanzas "To Violet" she depicts some of her own traits in the common "heritage of joys and pains."

> "The quivering nerve, the steadfast will,
> The self-distrust, the silent pride :
> Life's jubilant and minor chords
> In each were stirring side by side.
>
> Through all the long effacing years
> No change the constant type had known ;
> Still inward turned the pondering gaze,
> And still the spirit dwelt alone."

A class-mate, in writing of her, refers especially to "her truthfulness ; her exquisite carefulness for the truth in the smallest details of school life." She continues :

"She never allowed herself any evasion, but brought every word and deed up to the standard of exact truth. . . . Her use of text books was, for a school girl, rather singular. She seemed to use them, not so much for what they actually contained, as for what they suggested, and for the thought they stimulated. . . . Not that she was in the least careless about facts, for I well remember an incident that has had great influence on me since. A lesson in Ancient Geography contained an unusually long list of unpronounceable Oriental names, and I said I should learn but one or two of them, and let the rest go. She replied : 'S., there is no danger of learning too much ; let us not skip anything.'

"Her fondness for poetry, her love of flowers, more particularly of wild

flowers; her sympathy for dumb animals, and her kindness to them, were as marked characteristics of her girlhood as of her later years. I should say that through life one of her strongest mental characteristics was introspection. She looked inwardly upon her own thoughts and feelings. She asked for proof of many things from what she had thought and experienced herself. In her later years, as in her school days, she seemed to me never able to accept any teaching or theory on any subject, from the trivial affairs of every-day life up to the highest religious themes, without first having thought it out within herself. Always retiring in her disposition, both mentally and outwardly, those who really knew her will always remember her for her ready wit, her love of the beautiful, and her loyalty to the truth."

Her verses are full of thought, yet melodious in rhythm. Great as was her love of poetry, she had little liking for unmusical verse. She neither enjoyed, nor retained in memory, the rugged metres that, however much in vogue at times, seemed to her to lack the essential element of true poetry, beauty of form. The magnificent sweep in thought and rhythm of such poems as Browning's "Saul" was her delight. Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Moore, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, were her chief favorites. Her memory was an inexhaustible store-house of the best poetry, drawn, not from these authors only, but from all miscellaneous and anonymous sources; gathered up and retained without effort from her early days, when the poems of Whittier, and Bryant and Longfellow, circulating in newspapers, presented a new ideal of vigor and beauty in American verse. For her own use she preferred the simplest forms, such as are most easily retained in memory. Yet some of the best of the charades are framed in more stately and more difficult metres.

The reflective and introspective side of her mind, though less marked in her verses than in her conversation and correspondence, are apparent in such pieces as "Looking Back," "To Violet," "Many Sails," "Pansies," and in many of the charades. She had "That inner eye which is the bliss of solitude," and that imagination which is "the master light of all our seeing."

This disposition was inborn, early developed, and scarcely even increased by the confinement that fostered it; so that though none enjoyed more than she the stimulus of other minds, rarely was any one less dependent upon others for mental incitement. Her mind was active; her interests wide; her memory exact and retentive.

She read moderately, but thought more ; and what she got from others was in thought worked out anew. These qualities, with a strong individuality in thought and expression, gave to her conversation and correspondence a substance and a flavor of originality that formed their special charm.

Nature in all its forms was a never-failing inspiration and joy. Flowers were always at her side, both in invalid days and in days of health. They were cultivated, indoors and out, with sedulous care. In her latter years she was much interested in our native birds ; and by merely watching their movements from her window, or from her couch upon the piazza, she was able to recognize and identify many species. She was long a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and deeply interested in that humane work. The aid obtained for this cause in Philadelphia a few years ago by the publication of some of these charades with others, gave her great pleasure. All animals alike enjoyed her sympathy. At the Central Park, at one time, there was a friendly mouse, that during a whole season came at the usual hour to the common rendezvous to receive from her hand his daily portion.

Among trees the hemlock was her favorite evergreen. So touched was she by its grace and elegance, and its pathetic voices, which she could not define or express, that she wrote to Whittier a few years ago, hoping that he would treat it more fully than he had yet done. But only Poets Laureate write to order; and her request had no other immediate result than the following pleasant reply:

"DANVERS, 2d Mo. 7, 1884.

"DEAR FRIEND:

"I have read thy letter with great interest. Thy praises of the hemlock are well deserved. The hemlocks of East Haverhill about half a mile from my old home were a great delight to me in boyhood. We used to bring home branches for brooms. When dry we threw them on the blazing wood fire, and the crackling fusillade suggested a great battle. On our lawn here are several fine trees.

"I would like to do what thee suggests, but I greatly doubt if my verse would be as poetical as thy prose description."

In the troubles of her young days, her chief solace was in rambles by the neighboring lake, or on the hill-sides, or in the woods. Later in life, the city, much as she enjoyed, when well, its intellectual and æsthetic resources, became, in her invalid condition, in

a double sense a "pent-up Utica." She longed for the greater freedom of the country, where every scene and every season had its own immeasurable charm. She never wearied of dwelling on the delights of her summer home at Litchfield.

Of a temperament meditative, imaginative, and impressible, she early felt that sympathy with the life of Nature, as if it were permeated with human consciousness and sensibility, which is often expressed in her verses.

> "Our early feeling's finer thrill hath more,
> Perchance, of Nature's lore
> Than all our riper years bestow:
> For in my childhood did I love to go
> To sit and dream where hill-side violets grow;
> Nor dared to break a stem,
> Lest this glad earth and life were dear to them."

To the last she could never cut a stem without misgiving. As in the beginning, so at the end;—her last piece, an imaginative dream of the conscious life of flowers—a counterpart of the life of man, intimating that immortal life she was so soon to enter. Her last stanza accompanied her to the tomb.

Her poetic feeling was vivid and strong and genuine. In the suffusion of that light, all things shone with a new significance. Loving beauty and gladly recognizing it everywhere, she delighted most in the beauty of the simple and the common, which by virtue of their universality speak to the imaginative ear with more multitudinous voices. The Poet, whose "song makes the nations glad," to her was King by virtue of his imagination, whose

> "purple wings
> In golden sunlight flash and change;
> A splendor touches common things
> Transforming them to rare and strange."

And whether it were the "Pansy at her feet," a drive in the country, a deserted homestead, a foreign scene, a tale of travel, a friend, a poem, a character in fiction, a loved author, a biblical hero,—all were invested and interpreted by the same imaginative light; for which, as Coleridge says,

> "from the soul itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory enveloping the earth."

It was in the intensity of her enjoyments through this side of her nature, that despite all her sufferings, she was fond of repeating almost daily Browning's lines :

> " How good is our life, the mere living ! how fit to employ
> All the heart, and the soul, and the senses, forever in joy ! "

To her, the room of the invalid was not solitary ; but populous with visions.

> " Fancy shall brightly paint for me,
> The silent mountain's awful form,
> The rush and sweep of mountain storm ;
> On lonely heights the sweet bell's call,
> The roar of foaming waterfall ;
> And see within this narrow street
> The Alps' grand beauty at my feet."

Though for many years she had looked forward to travel that was denied to her, she had no repining amidst the inexhaustible beauty near at hand. She was in true accord with the sentiment of Whittier's lines, which she often repeated .

> " Yet on life's current, he who drifts
> Is one with him who rows or sails ;
> And he who wanders widest, lifts
> No more of beauty's jealous veils,
> Than he who from his doorway sees
> The miracle of flowers and trees ;
> Feels the warm Orient on the noonday air,
> And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to prayer."

To such a nature, our poetic literature, past and present, supplied inexhaustible enjoyment. Poetry became a necessity, a daily food, a solace in trouble, a refuge in affliction. The masters of song lifted the spirit to the ideal mounts of Transfiguration, where troubles for a time lost their power.

The charades evince many of her characteristic qualities. Choosing foundation words that have some poetic relations, she sought to make of each word and cross-word a little poem by itself ; compact in thought, and yet not so clear as to dispense with skill and knowledge in guessing it. The expertness of her corre-

spondents in this field led in some cases to the selection of subtle topics and words of infrequent use. In the confinement of illness, the study, care, and inventive resource which their construction demanded, the skill of her correspondents in guessing them, and the frequent replies in verse, gave her an enduring pleasure. She continued them for a number of years, delighting, in this occasional interchange to

"Catch again
The sweeter answering song."

For those not acquainted with their construction, it may be stated that two words of the same number of letters being first chosen for foundation words, cross-words are then found that have for their first and last letters respectively the successive letters of the two foundation words; making, therefore, as many cross-words as there are letters in each foundation word. In the annexed Key the responses in verse will be found to contribute much to the interest of the reader; and with a knowledge of the answers, the fidelity, breadth, and elevation of the original descriptions are also more apparent.

The introduction into the charades of many biblical subjects and allusions was the natural result of the careful study of the Bible to which she had been accustomed from childhood. Among all other works, none, in her estimation, could rival in poetic beauty, in pathos, in elevation, power and grandeur, the collection of that Book of books. But the works of all pure and noble souls tend to the same end. Prophet, Priest and Poet are of one ministry, to the exaltation of the ideal, the abnegation of self, the purification and consecration of the spirit; and thereby to that final reconciliation, which is found in the conscious, intelligent union of the human Will with the Divine.

POEMS AND CHARADES.

Looking Back.

SHUT the door and come away ;
Faces that we here have known,
Step and voice, are gone to-day,—
Leave the dear old house alone.

Leave it in the tender light
Of the early evening hours ;
To the voices of the night,
Murmuring as once did ours.

This was home ; I cannot go—
When I once have passed this door
And the open gate, I know
I can call it so no more.

Up the wide and shady path
Other steps than ours shall come ;
Other circles round the hearth
Gather here and call it home ;

Speaking, in familiar tone,
Household names by us unheard ;
While each name that we have known,
Grows a strange, forgotten word.

Then, as now, will morning come,
Glancing through the ashen-tree,
Lighting up my vacant room,
Where so oft it wakened me.

When the glowing sunsets stream
Through this window to the west,
Who will linger here and dream
Past that glory walk the blest ?

On the door-step, as before,
When the summer nights are bright,

We shall come and stand no more,
  Watching with a calm delight

Rival beauties in the sky,
  Rising moon, and tapering spire ;
One in brightness sailing by,
  One forever pointing higher.

Gone are books and pictures all,
  Gone are all familiar things
From the echoing room and hall,
  Where my lightest footstep rings.

Rushing sounds are in my ears,
  All around me is so still ;
Mingled voices of the years,
  Come and charm me at your will !

I close my eyes—I will not see
  The loneliness and gloom ;
The loving hand comes back to me,
  And smiles light up the room.

I hear again remembered strains,
  The songs we loved so well,
The stirring march of battle plains,
  The mass's solemn swell ;

The tripping measures, marked and clear,
The dancers' foot-fall light;
And, sounding down the stairs, I hear
The lingering "good-night."

I see my father in his chair,
My father, kind and wise;
The silver shining through his hair,
The home-light through his eyes;

My mother sitting by his side,
With busy brain and hand,
Watching with mingled love and pride
O'er all the household band;

My eldest brother's thoughtful look,
Upon his Greek intent;
And Charlie o'er a witching book
Of Scotia's great romancer bent;

I hear my sweet-voiced sister sing,
As in those pleasant days;
My noisy brother's clear laugh ring,
And watch his roguish ways;

While I, the youngest and the pet,
Climb round from knee to knee;

I feel the smothering kisses yet,
The arms encircling me.

The sacred page before me lies,
The sabbath light grows dim,
And our united voices rise
In choral evening hymn.

I'm sad no more, now let me go;
I carry hence to-night
The love of all, the warm heart-glow,
To make our new home bright.

Let blessings on thee, dear old home,
On sill and roof-tree, rest;
And blessings on the hearts that come
To build anew love's nest.

As exiled birds throng o'er the sea,
When winter months are o'er,
Sweet memories shall flock to thee,
And sing around thy door;

Till, pausing in the house or street,
Men say, "The wind prolongs,
And, loving them, doth still repeat
The echoes of their songs."

1859.

My Home.

"And what is home, and where, but with the loving?
Happy art thou that canst so gaze on thine!
My spirit feels but in its weary roving
That with the dead, where e'er they be, is mine."

—Mrs. Hemans.

WHERE is your home? I asked a child,
Who bounded light and free;
She sweetly raised her blue eyes mild,
And thus she answered me:

"'Tis where the wild bird sings at morn
On spray bedecked with dew,
And young lambs gambol on the lawn
The long bright hours through.

"'Tis where my mother sits and sings
To me the evening hymn,
When twilight gray its shadow flings,
And trees and flowers grow dim."

Where is your home? I asked a maid
With brightly beaming eye;
She pointed down the distant glade
And answered merrily:

"'Tis where yon cottage smoke ascends
Up from the green wood dim,
And o'er the eaves the breeze now bends
The poplars tall and slim.

"'Tis where my brothers meet at night
Around the cheerful hearth,
And sisters, with their faces bright,
Join in their joyful mirth."

Where is your home? I asked of one
Who'd seen youth pass away,
Who half life's pilgrimage had run,
And reached meridian day.

"'Tis where my happy children play,
When sinks the golden sun,
And where their sire at close of day
Returns, his labor done;

"'Tis where the evening meal is spread,
Sweet by the taper's light,
And sleepy infant lifts its head,
And sweetly lisps 'good-night.'"

Where is your home? I asked again
Of one bowed down with years;
She raised her aged form with pain,
And answered through her tears:

"'Tis where my children long have slept,
Low in the church-yard cold;
And bitter, burning tears I've wept
Alone, unseen, untold;

"'Tis where the cypress mournful waves
O'er each dear kindred head;
'Tis *there*, amid their quiet graves—
My home is with the dead."

1845.

February Fourteenth.

Mose-Rose Bower—
The opening of the Fourteenth Flower.

T WAS silvery light one winter night,
The wreathing snow on the earth lay light,
When twelve soft notes from the bell of time
Fell on the air with a musical chime,
And dying far in waves away,
Caught the quick ear of a listening fay.
From his downy couch he started forth,
A moment glanced at the snow-clad earth,
Then waved his wand with a toss of his hair,
And his clear laugh rang through the frosty air;
So soft it rose, so sweet it fell,
As 'twere the echo of distant bell.
Hark! there comes a sound on the breeze,
A murmuring sound, like the hum of bees,

At the call of the fay—'tis his ready car,
That glows, as he mounts, like the evening star;
His steeds, the flying winds, that drew
The glittering car o'er the path of blue.
On his course he met a messenger-dove,
Whose soft neck wore the hue of love;
And he said, "Wilt go with me, sweet bird,
Where flowers bloom by light airs stirred,
And take from me a message of love
To this land of snows—thou radiant dove?"
Together they hied where the constant sun
Showers his gifts on the summer zone.
The fairy sought to find him a bower,
Till the perfumed breath of a hidden flower,
Stealing out on the languid air,
Whispered "here" to the weary pair;
Then he cooled his cheek in a drop of dew,
And forth from the lily a leaf he drew;
The dove had given her tiniest feather
For the fairy's pen as they came together;
Then he dipped the pen in the violet's cup
Till it drank the liquid sweetness up,
On a tuft of moss sat down to write,
While the dove stood by the roguish sprite;

A soft, sweet light was in her eye,
While the fairy wrote right merrily.
But what he wrote I never could say,
For a moss-rose bud was right in my way;
But this I know, 'twas exceedingly kind,
For when the fairy went to find
His fragrant wax on the clover top,
I saw as he came 'twas a honey drop.
The seal he placed on the wax was this,
The little print of his fairy kiss.
From the golden curtain of her bed
The silk-worm gave her shining thread,
To tie it round the downy neck
Of the dove, that sped on her course, till a speck
Was all I could see in the sky's deep blue;
Yet she tarried not, but onward flew,
Till the dawning light of the waking day
With rosy flush on the white earth lay;
Then taking the leaf from under her wing,
And fluttering down in a mazy ring,
She paused where the sun shot, bright and still,
His golden arrows on a window sill.
The master looked forth to see if the morn
Was bright as the dreams of his wishes born,

And caught the leaf the dove had brought
With tireless wing and loving thought;
But dreamed not, till he reached this line,
The fairy had sent—a Valentine.

1849.

The Champion of the Free.

TUNE—"The Brave Old Oak."

HERE'S a song for the chief—the brave
young chief,
Who never turns back on his path,
Though the fierce red man lead the hostile van,
And war-fiends shriek in wrath.
Where the mad winds whirl, and the snow-waves curl,
Where banner ne'er was known,
'Mid eternal snows, our proud flag rose,
And streamed from the frost-king's throne.
Then sing to the chief, the brave young chief,
Who never turns back on his course,
Though the ice-cliff rise to the frozen skies,
And the storm-clouds mutter hoarse.

With a fearless hand, to a waiting land,
He unbarred its western gate;
And a tide of gold to the far east rolled,
And a shout for a new-born State.

Through dangers dread, by his strong arm led,
Fair science came in his train;
Like the comet's track, through the midnight black,
He left his path o'er the plain.
Then sing to the chief, the brave young chief,
Who brings in the victor's car
Rich spoils for the sage from Nature's page,
For Freedom's flag a star.

In Freedom's fight, as firm for the right,
And strong as the rock-based hills;
Like the charging note from the trumpet's throat,
His name through the broad land thrills;
In peril's hour he will not cower,
Let the wild storm howl and rave;
Through the fiercest blast, in his firm hand grasped,
Our fathers' flag shall wave.
Then sing to the chief, the dauntless chief;
A nation's pride is he;
Be the proudest name of his triple fame,
The CHAMPION OF THE FREE!

1856.

Rallying Song.

AIR—"Sparkling and Bright."

LASHING and bright, in its starry light,
We'll fling out the flag of the freeman,
And its folds shall wave, with a power to save
Wide as the breeze they stream on.
Then float away, till freedom's day
Lights up the Kansas valley,
And blood-stained men, like beasts to their den,
Shall fly from the Fremont rally.

If we were dumb, from the stones would come
A cry of shame and sorrow;
And the granite brow, raised proudly now,
Would blush to meet the morrow.
Then float away, &c.

The brave Northwest, by the lake's broad breast,
Shouts for the banner proudly,
And the voice of the free, from the eastern sea
To the gold-hills, echoes loudly.
Then float away, &c.

The blood of the slain, on the fertile plain,
And the sighs of the bound in prison,
Call not in vain; at the clank of the chain,
The basest soul has risen!
Then float away, &c.

The friends of right have gathered in might;
The slumbering host is waking;
And the voice of its wrath, like the storm on its path,
The oppressor's power is breaking.
Then float away, &c.

Slavery's fruit, the force of the brute,
Shall ne'er smite the lip of reason;
Nor lawless power, in its haughty hour,
Brand with the mark of treason.
Then float away, &c.

The world from afar is watching the war;
We hear the quick heart beating;
From the true and the brave, beyond the wave,
On every gale, comes greeting.
Then float away, &c.

As the north star true, with the prize in view,
We'll fail or falter never;
On the flag of the free let the motto be,
Free speech, free soil, forever.
Then float away till freedom's day
Lights up the Kansas valley,
And blood-stained men, like beasts to their den,
Shall fly from the Fremont rally.

1856.

My Flower of Paradise.

BEFORE the April violets
Unclosed their azure eyes,
There bloomed within my happy home
A Flower of Paradise.

Fresh from that land of love and life,
Into my hand 'twas given;
Still glowing with those softer skies,
And fragrant still of heaven.

My more than rose or violet,
Or lily, spotless white,
Or all in one—my matchless flower,
My blossom of delight!

I never knew how in my heart
Lay nestled singing birds,
Till that sweet breath awoke their song,
Too rapturous for words.

I never knew what hidden streams
Of gushing love could spring,
Till that soft touch unsealed their founts,
With rainbows glittering.

My home is more than palace now,
Such guests arrive each hour;
For angel bands, through starry ways,
Come down to guard my flower;

That flower which I henceforth must tend
On through the coming years;
In light and shade, athwart my soul,
How sweep my hopes and fears!

As bends the o'ercharged nectary,
Exhaling on the air,
My swelling heart its incense lifts,
And mingles praise with prayer.

My eyes are dim with happy tears,
The brimming cup runs o'er;
And yet, O God, a mother's heart
Would ask one blessing more:

That yearning heart cries out to Thee,
Thou, strong in love as power,
That on these miry shores of Time
No stain shall touch my flower.

For O, I know the tiny bud
Unfolding in this room,
When suns shall fade and worlds are wrecked,
An amaranth shall bloom.

1859.

The Future.*

THE Future is to be—and all its folded buds
Expectant wait through dreary hours before the dawn;
We see afar, with eager eyes, the rosy flush,
And catch the swelling murmur of the coming morn.

The Future is to be—the morning star
With silvery voice sings sweet and clear, arise!
The distant mountain-tops are crowned with light;
A flood of glory sweeps the flashing skies.

The Future is to be—and though awhile
With untaught steps we linger in the vale;
Afar the shadowy hills of promise rise,
Whose dazzling heights are ours to scale.

* Unfinished.

The Future is to be—that promised land
Whence mortal step has never brushed the dew;
Rich with the gold of life, the glow of thought,
Its unwrought mines are opening to our view.

The Future is to be—and fancy strays
Down opening vistas ever gay with flowers,
And bringeth thence her bright exotics home,
To blossom through the cheerless winter hours.

The Future is to be—and our young hearts shall feel
Their ardor and their freshness borne with years away;
The dew of life shall vanish, and its morning glow,
Though urged with bitter tears, shall yet refuse to stay.

The Future is to be—and dark with night and cloud
The swelling waters of that unknown shoreless sea;
O Voyager, be wise, trim prayerfully thy sails;
The Future, the unending Future, is to be.

1861.

May.

FLOWERY May, with lavish hand,
Casts her jewels o'er the plain,
As she glides from land to land,
Kissing Earth to joy again.

Saw we not her emerald robe
Flutter through the blossoming trees:
Felt we not her loving breath
On the gentle southern breeze?

And her mild eye beams above us,
Cloudless eye of deepest blue,
Like the glance of those who love us,
Thrilling all our spirits through.

For our life is in its May,
Gladness wings the rosy hours;
While 'neath sheltering boughs all day
Our budding life unfolds in flowers.

Hope sings with bright birds in the air,
And fancy waves her glittering wand;
And May, with bird and flower, is fair—
Life's glorious June is just beyond.

I.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

ON quiet hills was the humble birth
Of a proud one, peerless on the earth,
To whose wondrous face, in its charmèd urn,
Painter and poet will ever turn.

II.

She sat as a queen on the rocky shore
That never shall know her beauty more;
And her shining robes in their festal pride
Rivaled the glory of even-tide.

She gazed on the sun as he sank in the west,
And over the blue sea's heaving breast
She counted her messengers swift and fair,
Whose white wings fluttered in the golden air.

1.

Defeated oft, yet never slain ;
Immortal, though sustained with pain ;
Traitors to me, to sure decay
The mightiest tend and pass away.

2.

At home where Art and Learning dwell,
The untutored savage owns my spell ;
Mankind I charm with subtle art,
That fires the soul and thrills the heart.

The buried Past I make appear,
And call the shadowy Future near ;
I paint the victory over death,
Yet live and die with mortal breath.

3.

From fervid suns my fathers drew
The glowing heart and dusky hue,
And marshaled first their conquering bands
Where springs the palm in orient lands.

Nor strong alone where foeman falls,
They reared the wondrous palace walls;
And Science touched their brows with light
While other tribes yet groped in night.

But why their noble deeds rehearse?
I live myself in deathless verse;
The sunny hills once knew their fame —
A lonely waste now bears my name.

4.

When the home-lights gleam afar,
Tenderly as love's own star,
Wakens then with sudden start
All the longing in my heart.

Then I weep and dream alone
Over memories all my own;
Breathe no word my kindred spake,
Or my lonely heart will break.

1865.

Charade II.

MY First waves on the peaceful shore,
Where sluggish stream flows half concealed;
And 'mid the smoke and battle roar
It waves above the bloody field.

The veteran walks a grateful land,
My Second in his hand is found;
Silent it waits the chief's command,
Or swiftly sweeps the battle ground.

My Whole is borne inanimate
Where friend and foe fall side by side;
If victory the land elate,
It bears aloft the country's pride.

Charade III.

WHILE mortals look for my First to the sky,
And list when my Second is heard on high,
My beautiful Whole a lassie has found
Lowly and silent on the ground.

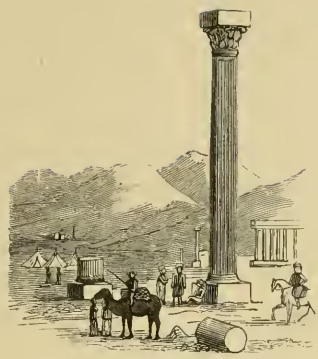
Charade IV.

My First is thou in foreign speech,
My Second is a part of thee;
So close it lies within thy reach,
This little wordy mystery.

My Whole a cup shall gayly lift,
To greet the smile of blooming May;
Rubies and gold, a queenly gift,
That May shall kiss and bear away.

Charade V.

Just when the heavens grew blue and high,
My First, that was so pure and bright,
Ere it could rise into the sky,
Passed in my Second out of sight;
Before it vanished from the earth,
My Whole rose through it at their birth.



VI.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

SOUGHT by men in thronging bands,
When thy rare glories charmed the sight,
And filling still their eager hands
With all thy treasures rich and bright.

Who seeks thee now, save dreamer lone
That loves the viewless wealth of thought,
The mantling mystery round thee thrown,
More than the splendors monarchs sought?

In vain he seeks from clime to clime,
Still lured by faintest gleam or sound;
Faded from out the night of time,
The missing star is never found.

II.

The veil that hides an unknown life
Before our gaze one moment lifts;
The ranks move forth, but not to strife,
A royal train with princely gifts.

Thy pomp and power in lands afar
Stand at a peaceful city's gate;
Stand not as armèd lords of war,
And not as suppliants they wait.

The pageant fades and all is still;
Hero nor bard hath left a name:
A woman's royal thought and will
Alone adorn thy roll of fame.

1.

The struggling steps are faint and slow,
For mortal strength and courage fail;
In ambush lurks the cruel foe,
And death is in the rising gale.

Shout, leader, with thy last faint breath ;
  Hope lifts her rustling banner high ;
Far o'er the dreary waste of death
  A green branch waves against the sky.

O, faint and worn and hunger-pressed,
  There sheltering boughs, fruit-laden, glow ;
O soft green vales, O land of rest,
  Where cooling founts of water flow !

2.

One gave the wanderer gifts and rest,
  Moved by the beauty at his side ;
And one the wanderer's sons distressed ;
  And one—the sea rolls o'er his pride.

To one, the night with visions teems,
  No warning voice or sound he hears ;
In mute procession, through his dreams,
  Walk, darkly veiled, the coming years.

Like wave on wave by wild winds swept
  To break on some far silent shore,
They lived, they died, one title kept ;
  One name the generations bore.

3.

None questioned my unbounded power
To rule the lowly and the great;
Though doomed to change within an hour,
Yet men looked up to me as fate.

They studied long my look to read,
Or catch my meaning from a sign;
No voice proclaimed what I decreed
To those who lived but to divine.

Revered by Egypt in its might,
And sought by old Chaldea's kings,
A rival shared my lofty height;
I haste to join forgotten things.

4.

On glancing feet, when nights are clear,
Soft silver bells make music sweet;
But sweeter far to tuneful ear
The music of thy flying feet;

Thy tripping feet, so swift and light
The subtle Greek esteemed thee fit
To bear his arrows keen and bright,
Those barbèd arrows tipped with wit.

But now heroic deeds to tell,
(Alas, no more 'neath Grecian sky)
Thy flowing accents sink and swell,
Thy sounding feet unwearied fly.

5.

The sea low murmured long to thee,
But held its moaning mystery fast;
Nor won from thee thy secret key,
The key that kept the buried past.

A thousand years had made thee old,
And careless of thine ancient trust;
Yet ere the years relaxed thy hold,
The key was crumbling back to dust.

One grasped that key with patient hand,
And light streamed on the dusty walls·
Behold the past unveiled and grand—
A pictured life in silent halls!

1866.

VII.

Acrostic Charade.

To R. T. W.

To her who taught the charming art
I dedicate this new charade :
If faulty found in every part,
It lacked her graceful aid.

A little vase like carvèd snow,
Blue violets in bloom,
One sunny day two springs ago
I found within my room.

Ah me! could I but breathe to-day
The memory of those hours
Through these pale buds, this slender spray,
How sweet were Fancy's flowers!

1867.

I.

O bring the harp or light guitar,
When night unveils her first soft star;
No hand like his can touch the strings,
No song like that the master sings.

As sweet as bells heard o'er the sea,
When evening gathers dreamily,
Those songs of love and fond regret
And yearning memory linger yet.

A spirit gay as rose-crowned June,
Where sang the sisters Song and Tune;
Green be the wreath and proud the place
We yield to wit, and song, and grace.

II.

What music in that nature stored,
Yet wailed through all a minor chord;
A voice of pain from soul distressed,
A moan, a cry of wild unrest.

The glories of the shadowy past,
The call of Freedom's trumpet blast,
The mountain thunder and the ocean's roll
All thrilled by turns that stormy soul.

What subtle bond that heart allied—
Its fiery strength and gloomy pride—
To sunny Nature, gay and bright,
And joyous as the morning light!

1.

How fair was thy proud dwelling-place,
Thou alien kin of mighty race!
Thy flock-white hills by theirs did swell—
Thy sons with theirs might never dwell.

Yet in their matchless sage's veins,
In his who sang their sweetest strains,
And down through all their proudest line,
That haughty blood flowed tinged with thine.

How sore thine armèd strength they broke;
Yet wore for weary years thy yoke;
No diadem is on their brow,
And thy strong sceptre 's broken now.

Thy fields are lone—no more are stirred
Their silent airs by bellowing herd ;
Thy smitten cities make no sound,
No shouting fills thy vintage ground.

2.

To distant days these strains belong—
A golden sunset glow of song ;
The stirring lays of battle cease,
The minstrel wakes the notes of peace.

He sings the victor of the plain,
Eager his peaceful home to gain ;
Nor moved by soft persuasive art
From the firm purpose of his heart.

Ripe wisdom's praise the numbers breathe,
And olive with the laurel wreathe,
When, years and conflicts over-past,
The weary warrior rests at last.

3.

Thou unknown land beyond the sea,
O where may voyager seek for thee ?
Still sigh thy groves with murmurous sound,
As when no trees like thine were found ?

Thy peerless trees that, fair and tall,
Lent strength and grace to kingly hall,
And stood in silent beauty where
Men thronged the sacred gates of prayer.

Thy precious gems to kings were known,
Thy lustrous gold adorned a throne;
Still hast thou jewels all unwrought,
And rarest gold, no longer sought?

No stately ships, a white-winged band,
Seek now thy shores, thou storied land;
Time's soundless waves, that never rest,
Have worn thy name from earth's broad breast.

4.

The bright, warm skies above me glow;
Beneath, the dark sea-currents flow;
Yet still I draw from earthy shores
The tide of life that through me pours.

Alike to me the rush of feet
Where eager trade and gossip meet,
Or lover's dreamy notes that float
From idly drifting pleasure boat.

For life above, and sea below,
In restless tides may ebb and flow;
They thrill nor vex a marble frame,
That centuries find and leave the same.

5.

Thine unstrung harp is heard no more,
Thy children sigh on many a shore,
And wait with yearning hearts that break
For some strong hand its chords to wake.

And yet thy blood leaps strong and bright;
Lo! where the bravest meet in fight,
The victor of a hundred fields
Before thine iron warrior yields.

The music of that silver tongue
On which entranced the nations hung,
The marshaled thought in glittering line,
With all its force and fire, were thine.

How fair thy waters—soft thy sky,
How green thy fields in beauty lie,
Thy gifted sons, how bright a band;
Yet sorrow dwells in all thy land.

VII.

The Confession.

HIS domino he casts aside,
And drapery more long than wide;
The secret's out—the riddle guessed,
And Japhet's father stands confessed.

Swift thought that answers back to thought,
Like flashing telegraph has caught
The sly deceivers, "Masks and Faces,"
And prisoned them in tuneful places;
Made each his little part confess,
With every trick of voice or dress;
So ends the wordy masquerade,
And thus confession must be made:

'Tis Moore, that singing turns his face
To watch sad Byron's haughty grace;
That silent Night, without a star,
Is mighty Moab crowned with Ar.
The minstrel sings as Night draws nigh
His evening song,—the Odyssey;
With almug lute, and veilèd eyes
The Phantom, Ophir, charms and flies;

That marble face without a glow,
The famed Venetian Rialto;
Uncrowned and bowed, sad Erin stands
With withered shamrock in her hands—
Erin, the gem to Fenians dear,
Who dash our laughter with a tear.

As one who sings on sheltered lake
Some simple strain, such as he may,
Hears with delight the far hills break
Their silence, answering back his lay;

Till echo all the charmed air fills
With strangely sweet responsive notes,
And music from the voiceful hills
O'er listening lake and valley floats:

And, half unmindful of his song,
Yet still he sings it o'er and o'er,
And so repeating lingers long
To catch those voices from the shore;

So I repeat a little snatch,
So needless words I still prolong;
And listening wait if I may catch
Again thy sweeter answering song.

VIII.

Grammatical Charade.

To K. W. F.

I REPRESENT six parts of speech,
Yet am one word, though made from three ;
Two of the three are simple each,
The other, one or two may be ;
But true it is a single word,
Though oft as two its parts are heard.

My First's a little link in speech,
By which relations may be traced ;
And, as the linguists further teach,
Its being is on reason based ;
Grammarians give two names to it,
As different offices make fit.

My Second is a sturdy verb,
And bears a selfish name ;
Unchecked by conscience' steady curb,
It tends to wrong and shame :
But poor and hard their mortal lot
Who dare despise or heed it not.

My First and Second now unite;
The verb is selfish then no more,
And carelessly surrenders quite
Whate'er it sought to grasp before;
But gains a power beyond all art
To soothe the wronged or aching heart.

My Third's a word that's made to stand
Forever in another's place;
'Twere hard indeed did we demand
The two agree in every case;
And if a quarrel should ensue,
No third could judge between the two.

If to my First you now will add
At once my Second and my Third,
They breathe a wish so deeply sad
By mortal ear 'tis seldom heard;
A fear that haunts the lover's heart,
A fate from which the bravest start.

My Fourth, an adverb, will oppose
Whatever company it's in;
Transform alike both friends and foes,
E'en sin by it becomes not sin:

The stout dissenter could not live
Unless it took the negative;

Joined with the rest yet let it be.
It cannot work them any harm;
It contradicts the other three,
But contradicting makes their charm:
They 'd only beg to be forgot
If this, their foe, were added not.

Pronounce my Whole, and, marvel strange,
Beyond magician's subtlest power,
To petals fair the stiff words change,
And, changing, form a lovely flower;
A wish—a sigh,—that 'scapes from me,
To fly on timid wings to thee.

MARCH, 1867.

IX.

Charade.

First.

ORE cords than once great Samson bound,
My straight and slender form confine;
Yet am I made to turn around,
And oft the lowest place is mine.

Though she hath pierced me through and through,
Still at my lady's feet I fall;
But if she once my bonds undo,
Then must I cease to be at all.

Second.

Trusted in palace and in cot,
My virtue's spring is hid from view;
I guard the wealth I value not,
And secrets keep I never knew.

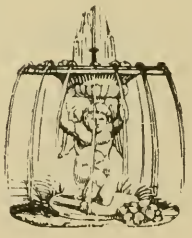
Yet when my inmost being's stirred,
Though to a fixed and constant end,
Without a single warning word,
I turn alike on foe and friend.

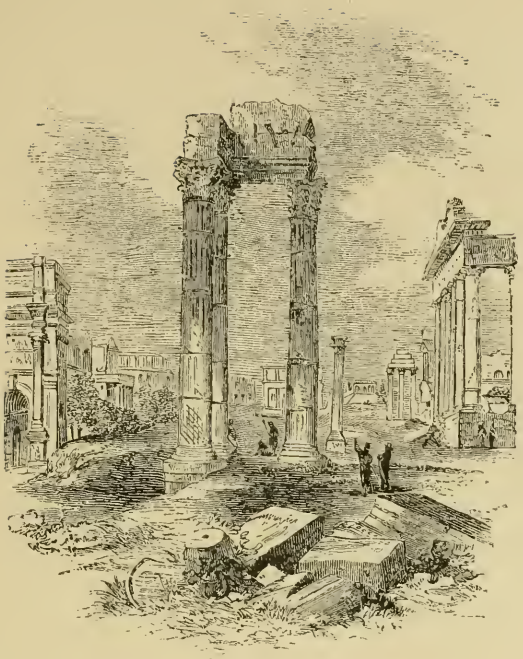
WHOLE.

From servitude and bondage free,
How bright the common life they share!
Behold a fringèd canopy
Light swaying in the scented air!

A sweeter grace, a loftier strength,
In their united life are seen;
The meek and faithful come at length
To stand, like trees, forever green.

1868





X.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

UNKNOWN thy youth, for thou wast old
When hoar antiquity was young;
Thy wonders Roman pen hath told,
Thy glories Grecian bard hath sung.

Though 'mid the rivers situate,
Vain was the sea thy rampart wall;
Stern Hebrew lips foretold thy fate,
The conquering Persian wrought thy fall.

Thy common life, thy kingly power,
Thy rites through those long ages known,
A leaf's imprint, a fossil flower,
Men trace to-day in sculptured stone.

II.

A king thy fair foundations laid,
Thy lonely site the Hebrew chose;
Fair palace wall and temple made
The desert blossom like the rose.

Oft at the close of burning day,
The weary caravans of trade
Paused where thy gleaming beauty lay,
Beneath the clustering palm-tree's shade.

Smitten by Rome, Tartar, and Turk,
Forgotten when their wrath was spent,
Where thronged thy merchants, robbers lurk,
Within thy courts they spread their tent.

1.

How fair thy groves when tabor called,
And king and court at eve drew near,
And, in the moonlight, silver-walled,
The listening city paused to hear!

How dark thy groves when drums were beat,
And deafening shout, and horrid din,
And shriek, and wail, and trampling feet,
Proclaimed afar thy shame and sin!

The silent city sits alone,
And tabor's sound, and singing breath,
And king, and rite, and name are gone;
The dead fill all that Vale of Death.

2.

The plot is formed, but waits the blow,
While, doubtful, 'neath the sheltering night,
With noiseless step and whisper low,
Leader and band prepare for flight.

No secret foe that band shall smite,
For bright the crescent moon appears;
And not from triumph, but from flight,
Shall date their long victorious years.

And she who opens wide her gates
Receives unknown a conquering power;
Lo, thronging pilgrims round her wait,
Who count her sacred from that hour.

3.

Wandering from Plato's native shore,
He dwelt beside the reedy Nile;
The charm of Egypt's secret lore
Perchance made glad his long exile.

Yet what to him was clime or race,
Or alien tongue with accent strange?
His chosen realm was broad as space,
The truths he sought shall never change.

And still his work stands perfect all,
Nor line nor base hath ruin hid;
While Greece has seen her temples fall,
And Time has touched the Pyramid.

4.

The king stood waiting on the height,
Broad stretched the tented plain below,
And rank on rank, in armèd might,
He saw encamped the dreaded foe.

But from the hills, O poet-soul,
  Another vision meets thine eye;
Far down the coming years unroll,
  And nations pass like spectres by.

No cry broke through thy lofty strain,
  Nor turned thy dreamy eyes away:
Rose there no shadow of the slain
  Among the visions of that day?

5.

How bright it lay across the sea,
  A wondrous land, whose golden gleam
Shone through a haze of mystery,
  A fair mirage, a glowing dream!

And, lured across the treacherous main,
  Ah! many a one returned no more;
And ships their strong wings beat in vain,
  And never reached that fabled shore;

Which, reached, had only mocked their sight;
  Dull earth and stone—a common land,
As golden glow and purple light
  Fade from the hills whereon we stand.

6.

Why art thou gone from lonely wood,
And from the city's crowded ways,
Where 'mid its throngs thy statue stood,
The cunning master's pride and praise?

Strange follower in his joyous train
Whose brows the vine and ivy bound,
Thy peaceful realm, thy sylvan reign,
Knew only pleasure's careless round.

Then why, where life and joy were gone,
And Ruin sat in mournful trance,
Oh, why shouldst thou uplift a horn,
And haste to lead a demon's-dance?

1868.

XI.

Charade.

To C. H. C.

THE highest gift of heaven to man,
When all its various gifts we scan;
That which we always lose with sorrow,
And sometimes are obliged to borrow;
The lover's gift, the poet's song,
Which art makes short, and nature long!

To Violet.—S. B. C.

WE circle round our little paths,
About us kindred orbits lie,
Unknown, till some conjunction sheds
A tender brightness through our sky.

Thy father and my mother played
Beneath one branching household tree;
As strangers meet their children met,
Beside the broad, dividing sea.

Unknown to each the other came
From paths diverging through the past;
What strange attraction urged our steps
To meet beside the sea at last?

In days remote our sires had dwelt
Beside its waves in some far land;
Our one ancestral name* still kept
The sound first caught upon its strand.

Perchance within each heart had slept,
An inborn memory profound;
As gathered shells are said to hold
For evermore the ocean's sound.

As tides responsive rise and flow
When silent, unseen forces draw,
The common tide within our veins,
Had owned some dim, mysterious law;

A voiceless hint, and prophecy
From soundless depths no thought can reach;
Blind gropings of a sympathy
Too subtle for our grosser speech!

* CHADWICK.

And thus we stood beside the sea,
  Strangers in face and voice alone,
While clear above all varying notes
  Uprose the common undertone.

The quivering nerve, the steadfast will,
  The self-distrust, the silent pride,
Life's jubilant and minor chords,
  In each were stirring side by side.

From bygone generations came
  The life that circled in our veins,
And on its current bore along
  A heritage of joys and pains.

Through all the long effacing years,
  No change the constant type had known;
Still inward turned the pondering gaze,
  And still the spirit dwelt alone.

The clear-cut features of the soul
  Are shaped by no uncertain chance,
But moulded by a power within
  Beyond the reach of circumstance.

How fitly stands the leopard's head
  Emblazoned on our father's shield;
He cannot change the ebon spots
  Once stamped upon his tawny field.

O marvellously within the sea
  The pearl is formed, the coral wrought;
And strangely from the vital tide
  Are shaped our sympathy and thought.

Deem not the Will our only law;
  Still rules a far-transmitted force
That binds at once each little sphere,
  And sweeps it on its destined course!

Dec. 8, 1868.

XII.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

LAS, the cunning hands that wrought
To perfect lines the enduring stone,
Traced not the mystic signs of thought,
And legend tells thy birth alone.

Thine iris banner ruled the fight,
The while thy flocks in safety grazed :
Secure beneath its fortressed height,
Sunlit, thy golden city blazed ;

Till, victim of unnumbered wrongs,
'Twas thine with mournful pride to hear
The cruel conquerors chant thy songs,
Whose sweetness won the alien's ear.

II.

Not from philosophy or school
Did thy far-reaching wisdom spring;
The tempered firmness of thy rule,
At once a warrior, priest, and king.

Half seems it true that from the skies
Was traced thy strange ancestral line:
Its diadem of many dyes
Encircling brows of birth divine.

Nor claimed the earth thy sacred dead;
A dazzling radiance rested where,
With folded palm and low-bowed head,
They sat as in the hush of prayer.

1.

As snow-fall mute the marble stands,
With fair head bowed and wings at rest;
So deftly touched by sculptor's hands
A waiting soul is there expressed.

Below the reach of ocean's moan,
Warm-hued the painter's fancy glows;
His sceptred queen sits on her throne,
A dainty sea-shell lined with rose.

While tender-voiced the poet sings,
An exile from her home afar;
A penitent with offerings,
And lo! the shining gates unbar.

2.

A plaint the dewy valley fills,
Impatient bleat the folded flocks;
No shepherd calls them to the hills,
Nor sounds his pipe among the rocks.

Why hath he left his fleecy care?
Last eventide his eye was bright,
His ruddy cheek glowed fresh and fair
As crimson bars of evening light.

To-night the lonely moon shall kiss
A fair young face in dreamless sleep;
And evermore the hills shall miss
The watch that he was wont to keep.

3.

Disdaining not thy softer charms,
The warrior bore thee in his train,
When, with the clash of Moorish arms,
He filled the echoing groves of Spain.

No part was thine in that fierce strife,
Though oft was drawn thy skilful bow;
For Islam's warrior vexed his life
With discords thou couldst never know.

Yet answering to thy welcome call,
Thy followers came in joyous throngs
From low-roofed cot and lordly hall,
With garlands gay and festal songs.

4.

Thy dream was true, brave Genoese;
The frail barks reached thy promised land.
Oh, long-sought isle in unknown seas,
What keel shall graze thy flying strand?

Like cloud-isles from the sunset sky,
Faded the old Hesperides;
And El Dorado's glories lie
No more a dream beyond the seas.

But fadeless still from age to age,
Fairer than fabled realms of old,
Hero and poet, saint and sage,
In dreams thy sunlit hills behold!

1869.

XIII.

Charade.

BESIDE the cottage fire of peat,
At dusk the white-haired grandam sits;
The cat's soft purring at her feet,
The click of needles as she knits,
Are all the sounds within the cot,
And these the grandam heedeth not.

Her thoughts to-night are far away,
As, gazing in the fire, she sees

Again the clear blue sky of May,
The snowy domes of blossoming trees;
And walks in youth's enchanted land,
While Robin holds in his her hand.

The busy fingers move more slow,
The knitting drops upon the floor,
And lost in fifty years ago,
She hears his step without the door:
Then gathers up her work in haste,
Which in my First is quickly placed.

Now shadows glide along the walls,
And lengthen weirdly overhead,
Till, where the brightening firelight falls,
The simple evening meal is spread,
And, fond as youthful groom and bride,
The sire and dame sit side by side.

They talk of all their homely joys,
And all their little household cares;
With tender pride speak of their boys,
And wonder how their lassie fares;
Their boys are men in middle life,
Their Jennie long has been a wife.

Then grandsire sits with half-closed eyes
And muses in the old arm-chair,
While clouds like moonlit vapors rise
And settle round his silver hair;
For half an hour no word he spoke,
And then my Second fell and broke.

Then starting as with sudden fright,
He said, "I must have had a dream:
I seemed to stand on some vast height,
And saw beneath a flowing stream
That strangely changed to fields of grass,
With many a blithesome lad and lass;

"And they were dancing strathspeys gay,
And passed beneath a flowery arch;
Then that too seemed to fade away
Before an army on the march;
I heard the charge sound loud and shrill,
And saw them storming up the hill;

"Then came a crash, and then I fell,
And woke to find it all a dream."
The grandam smiled, as knowing well

How *sound*, in sleep, as *sight* may seem;
For merry idlers, in their stroll,
Had passed the cot with my sounding Whole.
1870.

Autumn Leaves.

To C. C.

ON glowing hills
Bright autumn gilds
Her trembling leaves with gold;
Or on the plains,
Pours through their veins,
Like that fair queen of old,
Her molten gems in lavish pride,
The glowing ruby's burning tide.

These duller leaves
Where fancy weaves
Her modest colors pale and cold,
How faint they show:
No light, nor glow,
Nor prisoned warmth, they hold;
But we'll confess with weary sigh,
My leaves, like hers, at least are *dry*.

XIV.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

WHEN the spring with bugle breath
Hangs the hills with pennons green,
Laggard thou, the crowding ranks
Wait thy tardy banner's sheen.

When the summer suns are fierce,
All thine arms are shining bright;
Then thy polished mail withstands
Every fiery dart of light.

Winter sounds his angry blast,
Scarce a tremor through thee thrills,
Though he clutch thy crown of bronze,
Mighty monarch of the hills.

II.

When the airs of spring are warm,
When the summer moons are soft,
Gently wooed, thy drooping beauty
Riseth gloriously aloft.

When the autumn's breath is cool,
In her still and pulseless days,
O'er the green unfaded meadows
Hangs thy airy dome ablaze.

Tremulous with every breath,
Like a spirit overstrung,
Lowland queen of grace and beauty,
Who thy perfect charm hath sung?

I.

Starry blossoms from thy head
Thick as whitening snow-flakes fall,

Ere thy real glory gleams
In a sable coronal.

Prophet strain and classic song,
Through the ages coming down,
Chant thy honor and thy praise,
Sign and emblem, victor's crown.

Lie the old and glorious lands
In their dream of long decay;
Soft their storied mountains stand,
Mantled with thy silver gray.

2.

Skies uplifted, blue and high,
Gurglings in the wayside rills,
Warblings in the balmy air,
Leafy haze on far-off hills;

Violet buds, that lift dead leaves
Bleached with winter's storm and cold,
White anemones, that spring
Blushing from the fragrant mould;

ACROSTIC CHARADE XIV.

Shadows on the sunny fields,
  Sudden dropping of the rain,
Evening lights on tender grass,
  Night and mist above the plain!

3.

One upon Euphrates' banks,
  One beside the Nile's broad flood,
One upon the Persian hills,
  One by sacred Jordan stood.

Bannered hosts and mighty men,
  Gold and purple, rich array;
Life and glory had they once,
  Others like them have to-day.

Still the stars behold them fall,
  Watching from their far-off towers:
In their courses still they smite
  Earth's imperial century-flowers.

1870.

Song.

To R. T. W.

HEN the bright bouvardias flame,
When the tender violets blow,
Though my lips breathe not thy name,
Like a fountain's hidden flow
'Tis murmur'd deep within my heart;
So kind thou wast, so dear thou art.

Trembles soft a silver star
Through the evening's rosy glow;
Toward its beauty, high and far,
Hearts in love and longing go;
Once I watched its light with thee,
Star of love and memory.

On the silence, e'er the prayer
Breaks the organ's swelling tide,
High upborne from strife and care,
Life and being glorified,
E'en within that hallowed place,
Asks my heart for thy dear face.

Hope and promise of the spring,
Twilight's sweetly pensive thought,
Gleam of fancy's soaring wing,
Dream of beauty deftly wrought,
Finely touching soul or sense,
Waken fond remembrance.

1871.

XV.

Charade.

FIRST.

IKE mighty watchers, gathered round
To guard a proud and separate land.
Each with its hallowed memories crowned,
The glorious mounts of Israel stand.

Still royal Hermon wears his snows,
As when her seers his praises sung;
Her leafy veil, where Kedron flows,
On tender Olivet is hung.

Though cedars fail from Lebanon,
On Carmel's steep the jasmines bloom;
Nor is thy mournful glory gone,
Thou hast, O rocky mount, thy tomb.

SECOND.

The oleander's answering blush
Gives back the evening's western glow.
The arid hills with purple flush,
And the blue waters sleep below

Unvexed by oar, the waters sleep,
And every swelling sail is gone;
The sea-bird's wing, with fearless sweep,
May linger here at dusk or dawn.

For fisher's call, and torches' glare,
Disturb the lonely sea no more;
Nor when the morn breaks still and fair
Shalt thou be found along the shore.

WHOLE.

Where wind, and storm, and slow decay
Had worn on high a sheltering cleft,
When skies were bright at noon of day,
An Amazon her fastness left.

Armed only with a poisoned lance,
In black and shining gold arrayed,
No hoof-beat told her swift advance,
Device nor banner she displayed.

Ah! never yet, in haste so fierce,
Rode warrior forth with gentle will:
Oh, woe for those her lance shall pierce,
She goeth forth to rob and kill!

1872

XVI.

Charade.

ULL twenty miles John traveled o'er,
To stand with kindred on the spot
The ancestor whose name he bore
Had chosen for his lonely cot.

'Twas on a bright October day,
A clear stream gushed from out my *First,*
When turning from the dusty way,
John Smith would fain have quenched his thirst.

But though he waited many an hour,
From mid-day till the sun did sink,
And though he strove with all his power
He could not get a drop to drink.

Ah, cruel fate, ah, luckless name;
Alas, alas for poor John Smith,
That morn before him thither came
My *Second* with its thirsty kith.

As well count flying desert sands,
So said the wondering lookers-on,

As try to count the striving hands
That kept the cup from waiting John.

Weary and sore athirst, at last
He looked about with eager quest,
As through a neighboring gate he passed
To find some thing whereon to rest.

Though thrifty farmers leave no stone
Or mouldering stump for easy-chair,
Like some old monarch's gilded throne
My *Whole* gleamed in the moonlight there.

John slowly closed the heavy gate,
His strength and patience well nigh spent,
And on my Whole sat down to wait
Till from my First my Second went.

I cannot tell how long he stayed;
If till my Second drank its fill,
Ah me, I'm very much afraid
That there poor John is sitting still;
Unless 'neath dull November's sky
My *Whole* has been "knocked into pi-e."

XVII.

Acrostic Charade.

1.

WHEN Tyre sat joyously beside the sea,
'Mid gems and 'broidery,
Which merchant princes bought and sold.
And scarcely spicy Sheba's proffered gold
Outshone her sumptuous purple's lustrous fold,
Amid her treasures' lay
The branches plucked from gardens fresh to-day.

O wondrous gardens, blooming still and fair,
Where gales of fragrant air
Ne'er sweep along the silent bowers;
No singing bird, or bee among the flowers,
E'er breaks the long, strange stillness of the hours,
Nor summers come, nor go,
And thousand winters leave nor frost nor snow.

II.

How sweetly, grandly, swells the poet's strain!
Whose wisdom holds but vain
This precious thing for ages sought,
Whose gleam in far-off gates of old was caught,
This wondrous, shining keel by hands unwrought,—
A lonely voyager's ship;
Lo! Ishmael saith it drops from Wisdom's lip!

Where restless waters fret the burning sand
On Coromandel's strand,
Or break with foam and tempest's roar
From Indian seas on Araby's high shore,
It lies to-day as in the days of yore,
Within its sea-girt walls,
Fair as still lakes on which the moonlight falls.

1.

Silent and dark the serried pines rose high
Against the glowing sky,
And in the evening's golden ray,
With gleam like marble dome and wall, there lay
On the green plain the city of a day,
Whose midnight lamps would flare
Where yester-night the glow-worm lit the air.

Gay jest and song, the sound of many feet,
Were in abode and street;
Nor sign nor portent to foreshow,
Like fleecy summer clouds when west winds blow,
Like sun-touched banks of tardy April snow,
Before the morning light
That city fair should vanish from the sight.

2.

The song of faith rose clear and high that day,
Watching the proud array
Of shield and lance in burnished line,
While o'er the dust of kings in cloistered shrine,
As voice of prayer and vow to guard the sign
In silence died away,
A flame from off the altar led the way.

A baleful moon whose crescent never fills
Hangs low o'er Judah's hills,
And in its light that flame shall pale,
And where its shadow falls shall captives wail ;
Ten thousand hearts of steel shall faint and fail
That now beat high with trust :
O hearts that failed ! O flame now turned to dust !

3.

Lone queen, where solemn sounding pine-trees sway,
Wander thy thoughts away,
E'en while their music fills thine ear,
Grieving that their dark shadows fall so near,
And more and more divide thee, year by year,
From the blue, sunny sea
Beside whose waves thy youth rejoiced to be ?

Then, like an eager lover, at thy feet
That sea sang promise sweet
Of all the future held in store ;
Now, faint and far and changed, its mighty roar
Comes like dim, fading memories of yore,
And in thy day's decline
Thy past and future calls,—the sea and pine.

4.

Fair was it with a beauty rich and warm,
Had mystery thrown no charm,
No twilight veil of mantling haze,
Around it in the old and dreamy days,
Ere man, irreverent treading Nature's ways,
Had vexed with questionings
The air once tremulous with Fancy's wings.

No more shall Fancy see clear shining tears
Dropped from celestial spheres
To harden in the ocean's brine;
No more in those still forms a soul enshrine;
With clearer, poorer thought we half repine
That wiser days should know
It was a life outwept long years ago.

5.

Our early feeling's finer thrill hath more
Perchance, of Nature's lore
Than all our riper years bestow;
For in my childhood did I love to go
To sit and dream where hill-side violets grow,
Nor dared to break a stem,
Lest this glad earth and life were dear to them.

If conscious life dwell in the flower or tree,
Gave it no pang to thee
To leave the first warm breath of spring,
The summer sunshine round thee shimmering,
The breezy hills where thou didst toss and swing,
To droop, and fade, and die,
The while thou gavest immortality?

1872.

XVIII.

Charade.

I.

WHERE are they upon whose fields,
Wearing their fretted golden crown
Of full-eared corn, the harvest moon
In those rude days was looking down?

When like the meadow's vapory breath
A curling smoke rose thin and slow,
That darkened to a flame-lit cloud,
Then brightened to a fiery glow;

As bore my Whole the avenging brand,
In speechless terror and in haste;
And for the corn and purple vine,
Was left a black and smoking waste.

II.

The air is like the furnace breath
  Above the parched and fainting plain,
And in the cloudless evening sky
  There hangs no promise of the rain.

Though starry nights distil no dew
  And burning days withhold their showers,
Unwithered stands the tender grain,
  Unscorched the glowing garden flowers.

From ceaseless springs my Headless whole
  Hath slowly drawn their sure supply;
And bursting sheaf, and swelling fruit
  Shall laugh beneath a rainless sky.

III.

As creeping moss in forest aisles
  Will hide the rugged rock at last.
So gathering tradition veils
  The mighty leaders of the past.

And sounding through the silent years,
  To heavenly utterance may swell
A mortal voice, like his who spake
  Within the Groves of the Gazelle.

Thus numbered with the gods to-day,
A gentle-souled reformer stands,
The Head and Body of my whole
Within the stranger's wallèd lands.

IV.

If in the day of haughty power
A hand upon the wall had shown
The ruined temple, and the waste
Of crowded cities overthrown,

How had the unnerved hand refused
Its skill from that prophetic hour;
Nor traced within the walls of death
The boast and symbol of their power,

Whose wondrous forms the curious bear
To lands they knew not, o'er the sea,
But leave the Body of my whole,
To stand there for eternity!

1873.

XIX.

Enigma.

HAT is it men and women all despise,
Yet one and all of them do highly prize,
Which never was for sale, yet any day
The poorest beggar can the best display ;
Which kings possess not, though full sure am I,
For that cheap luxury they often sigh ;
Which never bride would own, yet woe the day
When without one a bride should go away ;
Which we can never have till long we keep,
Which oftentimes we toast, but never eat,
Which every man should have for growing corn,
Which tired husbandmen delight to own ;
The very thing to take to a sick room,
Its coming silent as spring's early bloom ;
A little thing, oft wet with mother's tears ;
A great, soft, yielding thing, which no one fears ;
A thing so holy that we often wear
It careful hidden from the world's rude stare ;
Dear to my weary soul, O sing, my muse,
The bliss of wearing an old pair of shoes !

Alpine Flowers.

To A. C. H.

HERE the morning's tint of rose
Flushes warm the mountain snows;
Where the gold and purple lights
Glow and fade on "Alpine heights;"
Where the shepherd's gay song swells,
In the sunny mountain dells,
Rocked by winds and nursed by showers,
Grew these little Alpine flowers,
Which thy kindness brought to me
From that fair land beyond the sea.
Choice by love's fine instinct made!
Gold may tarnish, fabrics fade,
Jeweled riches take them wings,
"Chance and change" come to all things,

All that man hath made, or wrought,
Products fair of skill or thought;
But these modest Alpine flowers,
Made of sunshine, dew, and showers,
Will, like Friendship tried and true,
Year by year their bloom renew;
And when each cup and bell I see,
Fancy shall brightly paint for me
The silent mountain's awful form,
The rush and sweep of mountain storm,
The lakes, in which reflected lie
The white clouds in the noonday sky;
The solemn night, whose clear stars shine
Above the dark and sighing pine;
The precipice, and jagged rocks,
The soft green vales, and bleating flocks;
The shepherd-peasant's happy lot,
The rustic beauty of his cot;
All hues and forms of earth and sky,
That thrill the soul, or charm the eye;
The vision thus half real grown,
The ear shall hear the avalanche moan,
The mountain streamlet's tinkling flow,
The grazing herd's far evening low;

On lonely heights the sweet bell's call,
The roar of foaming waterfall ;
And all the sounds that soothe the ear
To which all nature's sounds are dear :
Thus, sitting at the warm fireside,
With ease I climb where, far and wide,
Stretches the glacier's frozen flow,
And cloud and storm are far below ;
And see within this narrow street
The Alps' grand beauty at my feet ;
And thus each little Alpine flower,
Shall have for me a four-fold power,—
Flower, and picture fair, shall be,
Music, and pleasant thoughts of thee !

1873.

XX.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

GROWING grace hath my shapely form,
From the moment it bursts upon the sight;
Ah! life hath its sunshine, as well as its storm;
I turn from the shadow away to the light!

I tremble and weep, but not with pain,
And my sighs at even are not of care;
For the life-tide swells in every vein,
As gayly I dance on the very air.

I dance in the moonlight clear and cold,
And my beauty brightens the older I grow;
I dance in the sunlight, clad in gold;
Like a living ruby, I blush and glow.

II.

Through the broad green earth and isles of the sea,
In their soundless paths my kindred run,
And their curious toil's dark mystery
Is hidden alike from the moon and the sun.

When the silent summons is borne to me,
With a quicker life my fibers thrill,
As toiling for beauty I never shall see,
I run to my work in valley or hill.

No alchemist gray, though his wildest dreams
The crucible's magic should haply fulfill,
Dare match the pride of his cunning schemes,
With the meanest fruit of my marvelous skill.

1.

The sea-weed dank, and the slippery stone,
Were fairer to him than the greenest turf;
And the music of man had never a tone
So sweet to his ear as the sound of the surf.

Round the home of his fathers, his stronghold of rock,
The ocean for ages had dashed and beat;
And its waves, that broke with a roar and a shock,
Were a wall to him from the spoiler's feet.

At noon in his armor securely he slept,
And trusted in vain to the treacherous tide;
Like a coward, away from the rock it crept,
And his armor with crimson the spoiler hath dyed.

2.

In silence it slept by the cold gray rock,
'Neath the hemlock dark, the beech, and the oak;
High up in the sky sped the noiseless flock,
Beating the air with a soundless stroke.

So soft through the wood was the west wind's sigh,
That the delicate fern was scarcely stirred;
From the lake below to the hill-top high,
Not a word was breathed, not a step was heard.

When the last gleam faded at twilight's close,
And shadows lay dark on the lone hill-side,
The whip-poor-will's plaint from the valley arose,
And then it awoke—it awoke and died.

3.

Impetuous one on the mountain born,
Go, haste thee down from its lonely heights,
Beyond the vales of olive and corn,
And past the gardens of gay delights.

For crowned with flowers and graced with art,
The beautiful mother of glorious sons
Shall give thee a place in her sunny heart,
And room beside her immortal ones.

Her welcome is vain, thou wilt hasten away,
Borne by the tide of thy being along:
Thy fate forbids thee to rest for a day,
In the home of genius, art, and song.

4.

Solemn with age, and stately and grand,
The broad roof springs with an airy grace
O'er the dim aisles stretching on either hand,
And twilight and reverence dwell in the place.

Hath the harp or the organ a voice so sweet,
That it dare to rob the listening ear
Of the rhythmic sounds low down at the feet,
Or the long drawn sigh that is breathing here?

From a land that lieth beyond these bounds,
An echo or memory wakens from sleep,
As that sigh, like a voice from the infinite, sounds
Through the soul's recesses, silent and deep!

1874.

Graduating Hymn.

School.

CHANGEFUL and fleeting, life's young hours;
Mist on the stream, dew on the flowers;
Lovely a moment, may not stay;
All that is bright hasteth away.

Senior Class.

One thus far has been our path,
One our hopes and one our fears;
Severed wide our paths must be
Leading down the vale of years;
Each must tread her path alone,
Savior, guide her to thy throne!

School.

When sorrow clouds life's changing skies,
And dark the way before us lies,
Our hearts will turn to this loved spot,
A changeless star that setteth not.

Senior Class.

Loved and honored one, to thee
Who hast taught our steps their way,
Warmer thanks than words can speak
Grateful hearts would give to-day;

Thine is toil all price above,
God reward thy truth and love!

School.

Choose ye a high and holy way,
And, daily struggling, watch and pray,
Till in the realms of light ye dwell;
There may we meet; oh, fare ye well.

Senior Class.

Ye, who take our vacant seats,
Coming as we pass away,
Oh, waste not the golden hours,
Mid life's flowers ye may not stay;
For life's struggle arm ye well,
Still press onward; fare ye well!

School.

A voice is hushed amid our strain
That shall not swell on earth again;
By living streams, 'mid fadeless flowers,
She sings a sweeter song than ours.

All.

At the hour of song and prayer,
We have been a happy band;
May we, with no missing voice,
Meet again at God's right hand,

Sweet the ransomed song to swell ;
Farewell, sisters ! Fare ye well !

BRADFORD ACADEMY, 1849.

XXI.

Charade.

THE bell its midnight stroke had pealed,
And all the summer night was still ;
The full moon hung o'er roof and field,
When noiseless steps stole round the hill ;
A startled scream, a cry of pain,
A moment's gleam of fluttering white ;
Ho ! to the rescue, speed amain !
My *First* with her is swift of flight.

They searched the country far and wide,
Each caverned hill, each wooded glen ;
At noon, the shady spring beside,
Young Arthur paused with hound and men.
Fair Evelyn loved the lonely place ;
Nor track nor trace their search hath found,
But sudden joy lights up his face,
He lifts my *Second* from the ground.

The light fades slowly in the west,
He lingers in the garden walk,
With smile, and glance, and lovers' jest,
And snatches sweet of tender talk!
O, red, red rose, your blushes hide!
Lily, your cup with night-dews fill!
Close draws he to the lady's side—
Bells of my *Whole,* hang mute and still!

XXII.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

HOU wast fashioned by Nature with exquisite care :
What triumph hath Life that thou mayst not share ?
The praise of thy beauty a nation doth fill,
And the charm of thy speech wins its heart to thy will.
But the trumpet is sounding, the battle is o'er,
And the pride of thy locks is heavy with gore !
And the sole tender word to thy memory left
Is the wail of the wronged whom thy death hath bereft.

II.

The voices of legend and history have told
Of flashing of jewels and gleaming of gold ;
Of palace and garden, of temple and fount,
Of music and dancing, and treasure past count ;
Of the sweep of a thought that moaned like the sea,
Discoursing of life, of beast, and of tree ;
We sigh not to-day for the pageant and pride,
But thy thousand sweet songs that in silence have died !

1.

When o'er the wide sea no path had been shown,
And beyond its blue waves still lay the unknown,
Where purple-winged Fancy saw island and shore,
Whose phantom-like beauty no foot might explore.
E'en then thou wast gone from thy place in the sea,
Nor mariner since hath cast anchor by thee ;
Wast thou too a dream, to fade at the light,
Or do the dark waters but hide thee from sight ?

2.

Fair Inez her lattice will softly unbar
If lightly is touched the Spanish guitar ;
The sons of brave Scotia to valor are stirred
When the sound of the pipe through her mountains
is heard ;
The pipe of the Scot, and the harp of wild Wales
The bard hath attuned to his country's proud tales ;
But touching *thy* strings, in song or in psalm,
No minstrel hath sung of the land of the palm.

3.

Farewell to the herd and the peace of the field,
There waits thee a crown, with the spear and the
shield !

A spirit presageful had shrunk from the strife
That henceforth shall harass and weary thy life ;
Like a cedar long wrestling, uprooted at length
On the storm-swept mountains, so perished thy strength ;
Whose rival e'er chanted a dirge such as thine,
Grand, mournful, and tender, as wind in the pine ?

4.

Joy, radiant one, joy immortal was thine,
All harmony of color and sound to combine ;
Now tinting the delicate pink of the shell,
The blue of the sky and the nodding hare-bell ;
Or charming the ear with the notes of the lyre,
And breathing through verse all its sweetness and fire ;
In thy numbers the secrets of prophecy lay,
And thy beauty majestic was crowned with the bay.

5.

I sat for an hour 'neath the shade of thy planes
And watched the soft light on the city's white fanes,
And heard the grand flow of a musical tongue,
And caught the keen thought as living it sprung

From the lips of a master whose genius there traced
The channels of thought ages had not effaced.
The glow of that hour and the light of that day
With twilight's brief reverie faded away.

6.

The prelude is hushed to the records of old ;
Anon is their burden in melody told ;
A strain rises clear, a sweet silver rill,
That swelling, and deepening, and lingering still,
Is lost in the chorus of music's glad daughters,
As rivers are lost in the ocean's loud waters ;
And viol and voice and the organ's deep roll
With Faith's sacred themes are thrilling the soul.

7.

Doth the palm tree rustle, or the south wind sigh,
That a note of strange music is filling the sky ?
With faces upturned in silence men stand,
For o'er harp or o'er lute there moveth no hand ;
It was but a moment, its breathing had ceased,
As Aurora blushed warm along the glad East ;
And Fancy will dream, the skeptic despite,
'Twas the dumb lips' thrill at the kiss of the light !

1875.

XXIII.

Charade.

YES, these were her words : "Far, far away
For thee a precious treasure lies,
To be won by many a weary day,
And counted beneath the evening skies."
She took his silver, and scanned his palm,
And muttered with sign and hint obscure ;
But the heart of youth beats high and warm,
Its faith untried holds a promise sure.

"But which is the way, and where does it lie?
These well worn roads—I know them all;
That led, she said, toward the sunset sky,
The treasure was found as the shadows fall.
The heart of youth is bold and strong,
The way may be rough, but what do I care?
The way may be rough and the journey long,
But my *First,*" he said, "shall bear me there."

Nay, nay, my First and thou on that way,
Though faring together, must journey alone;
What each has gained at the close of the day
Must be to the other forever unknown.
The heart of youth is strong and bold,
But dark were the words the Gypsy said;
When thou hast fathomed the meaning they hold,
A silver crown shall rest on thy head.

His eye was bright, his cheek was flushed
As he turned his face from the home of his youth;
His eager feet its violets crushed,
In his haste to prove the Gypsy's truth.
He searched the forest depths alone,
And beat the earth for a tell-tale sound;

He peered in each cave, and upturned each stone:
In vain, my *Second* he never found.

Nay, nay, my Second with strongest bands
The promised treasure never could hold;
Did the cunning Gypsy say that thy hands
Ever should grasp either jewels or gold?
When the harvest fields were full of joy
The wanderer's heart grew weary and sore;
And he longed for the home that sheltered the boy,
And sighed for the trees by his father's door.

When there at length he drew his rein,
Sapphire and gold above him shone;
But the Gypsy's wealth—in heart and brain,
There was it garnered, and there alone.
Ah, then he guessed her meaning well,
Like a flash of light it shot through his soul;
And only my *Third* on his white hair fell,
As he counted his gain beneath my *Whole*.

1875.

Nay, nay, the poor Gypsy falls on her knees,
Imploring your pardon, kind lady, if you please.

Do you say 'tis a web of deceit she hath made ?
Call it rather a sort of a Gypsy charade.
She promised him wisdom when he should be old ;
Giddy youth saw but visions of jewels and gold ;
Spoke the poor Gypsy false, though vain was his quest,
Though his hair grew white ere her riddle he guessed ?
O land of illusion where search must be vain ;
Is not all the world seeking castles in Spain !

1876.

XXIV.

Charade.

FROM my *First* my *Second* was borne by the air ;
My *Third* then darkened a face once fair ;
And my *Whole* is an isle of pleasure and care,
At once we would and wouldn't be there !

XXV.

Acrostic Charade.

I.

REATHE but thy name, as though 'twere a spell,
The minarets rise and the light domes swell,
The caravan stretches for weary miles,
And a vision floats by of tropical isles;

The pyramid reddens in the light of the morn;
The pride of Palmyra from ruin is born;
An army sweeps past, an emblem they bear,
And a shout as of triumph rings out on the air.

Shake out thy fair plumes, O stately and strong,
To thee the wild realms of the desert belong;
In the blast of its sands and the glare of its sun,
The victory of life from its death thou hast won!

II.

No legends of glory, no gleams of romance
The charm of thy beauty and grandeur enhance;

But the breath of thy fragrance steals to the heart
With a sense of the joys Nature holdeth apart;

Telling of hillsides, rocky and lone,
Whispering of plains where shadows are thrown
On a soft russet carpet that covers the ground,
And the insect drones in the stillness profound.

In the silence of solitude sing in thy bower,
Touching strangely our hearts with thy voice's weird
power;
The heights and the depths are met in its tone,
A sound as from far with a burden unknown.

1.

There are grottoes whose echoes no voice has stirred,
There are groves where the sound of the axe is not
heard,
There are domes that are crowning no house of prayer,
And a wonderful builder dwelleth there.

The tides of the sea and the currents of air
In their motion and flow are hasting to bear,
To gather and bear, from the land and the sea,
What he waiteth to fashion marvelously:

Yet what if to priest in the oak's dark shade,
In the baron's hall when the feast was laid,
Thy meanings were one, though seeming at strife,
A mystical promise—immortal life!

1876.

Song.

GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. ADDISON BROWN, DECEMBER, 14, 1877.

Ring gladly out, oh golden bells,
With deeper notes, more soft and slow
Than rang with lightsome peals and swells
The chimes of fifty years ago.

THE youthful feet no longer stray
Among June roses blushing red;
Yet on this bleak December day
The silver locks are garlanded,

With wreaths that wear no fading glow,
For love's own flower by sunshine nursed.
Through fifty years transmuted slow,
Into its Golden bloom has burst!

Let winter in the leafless bower
Pile white and high his drifting snows;
O'er this rare bloom he has no power,
No frost can blight the Golden Rose!

Spring had its bliss of hope and dream
For ardent youth and blooming maid:
And weaving life with that bright gleam.
How fair a work the years have made!

The summer day and toil are done,
Its burden and its heat are past!
And sitting in the evening sun,
Their shadows side by side are cast.

And peace is in the harvest ways,
In fields long wrought with faithful care,
Where love and peace lend autumn days
The Indian summer's golden air.

Still clear the past in memory lies,
A softened picture bright and warm,
With scarce a cloud in all its skies—
Blest skies, undarkened by a storm.

How much of joy, how little grief,
What hopes fulfilled, what vanquished fears
To-day are bound in one glad sheaf—
A golden sheaf of fifty years!

That tranquil joy transmitted lives,
Bright after-glow from calm days spent,
A golden heritage that gives
The sunny heart of full content.

And children's children join the song;
Closer the widened circle nears,
Praying that God will still prolong
In health and peace His Gift of years:

And grant that when full late shall swell
The Earthly Song to Heavenly Psalm,
In that far land where angels dwell,
The Golden Rose become a Palm!

Family Portraits

FOR THE FOREGOING OCCASION.

SAY, how can muse with unstrung nerve,
Make limping flight of fancy serve
To paint the guests, the grand display,
The golden gifts that grace this day?
The task, perhaps, were not so hard,
If but the theme had better bard!
Away all fears—let us begin,
As fit, with hero and with heroine;
Nor call the name of each successive sitter,
But leave them to be guessed—'tis fitter:
Then, if the picture's thought no compliment,
Why, for your neighbor it was meant!

See, first, a head to catch the passing eye,
A voice whose tones are melody;
A man industrious, frugal, and content;
Whose busy years in peace were spent;

Whose mellow voice and kindly face
Are but the tokens of an inward grace
Beyond the reach of polished art,
The outcome of a gentle heart;
Whose dealings just, whose pleasant word
Leave founts of bitterness unstirred;
Upon whose honest life and name
His fourscore years have fixed no shame;
Who, since that mythic period when
He was the "most excitable of men,"
While round the hurrying seasons ran,
Grew more and more a just and gentle man,
As though his ear had caught again
The "Peace on earth, good will to men."
To generations yet unborn of boys
Descend his patience, and his golden voice;
So shall their wives have cause to bless
His memory for their happiness.

See, next, the woman by his side,
For fifty years his help and pride;
Whose cunning hand and busy brain
Have wrought for household weal and gain;
Whose industry and steadfast will,

Well seconded by taste and skill,
From scant material could evoke
The graceful dress, or shapely cloak ;
Nurse, housemaid, seamstress, all complete,
Knew how to make the two ends meet !
Her busy feet, unwont to roam,
Still kept the pleasant paths of home,
And at her hearthstone best content,
Her days and strength for children spent ;
Her energy no ebb has shown,
And now, when seventy years have flown,
Which have not had the power to hide
The stately beauty of the bride,
She stands to-day straight as a palm,
Unsprung against the sunset's calm !

Again the bard is sore perplexed,
Which way to turn, or what say next ;
For if he found it hard to sing
To thrumming of a *single* string,
How shall he choose his notes aright
When two such wondrous lines *unite ;*
Or hope with fitting skill to trace
The blended lines in each new face ?

The mother's head, the father's eyes,
Just hint the double character that lies
Beneath the thinning, soft brown hair,
In which each parent has a share;
A pleasant voice, a kindly heart,
A mind alert, in business smart!
A student, fond of many a book;
An active man, by hook or crook
That puts his well-planned purpose through,
And prompt alike to think, or do;
The soul of music in him pent
Oft rasping ears as it finds vent!
The step elastic, active mind,
A little prone to fall behind—
To fall behind, but not so far
That sudden jump won't catch the car!
And yet this man, so prompt to work,
The bard has known to play the shirk;
For as for doing household chores,
Ah, that's the thing his soul abhors!
The puzzled bard can only guess
Whence this lone streak of laziness;
Nor, where so many virtues meet,
Explain this chaff amidst the wheat!

The father's head, the mother's eyes
Prepare us for a new surprise.
'Tis said, "variety's the spice of life;"
The wonder is how, free from strife,
Two divers characters can take
Their several traits, and from them make
A third distinct, a human soul,
From fragments shape a rounded whole;
And how to manhood's prime should reach
The fashion of the mother's speech!
And wise is he who understands
How father's head on mother's shoulders stands!
The busy hand, the studious mind,
Action and thought are here combined;
The courteous manner, purpose fixed,
Shows things can be most nicely mixed;
As from two opposites are made
That pleasant drink called lemonade!
If every virtue's not possessed,
'Twas that some might be left for the rest!

Again, oh bard, the numbers roll,
The mother's head, the father's soul.
Through patient gentleness she's strong,
Her dower, affection and sweet song;

Generous of sympathy and pelf,
And thinking last of her unselfish self;
Time gently touch each line and curve,
And bring new strength to shattered nerve.

If the poor bard here seems to halt,
'Tis not his subject that's in fault;
But using *couleur de rose* without stint,
He just received a gentle hint:
"Though very fine such colors sound,
It's just possible they'll not go round!"

Another combination now is found,
Master of checkers and sweet sound;
Fingers and voice that move in tune,
A temper sweet as day in June,
A heart that sees and means no ill,
A ready smile, a stubborn will.

And now but one is left unsung,
Youngest the household band among;
Whose days in silent calm abide,
Whose profile is the family pride;
Whose shapely head 's the home of sense;
Whose prudence seldom gives offence;

And, jewel of virtues, rarely sung,
From censure keeps her well-ruled tongue!

Then younger ones;—but oh the din;
Stop, prudent bard, ere you begin;
There's not a wingless goose but knows
It's possible to tread on toes!

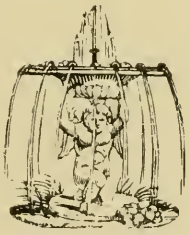
Then, as for *aliens*, grafted in,
They scarce can hope a word to win
Upon this festal, family day,
Deserve it howsoe'er they may:
Then let the Muse in passing say,
It may be sometimes they supply
Some infinitesimal deficiency,
That's in their perfect partners found,
All heterodox as this may sound!

The artist owns his clumsy touch,
Too little here, and there too much;
More deftly shaded, each fine face
Had caught perhaps more subtle grace;
But pray forgive his awkward brush,
He plied it with such *haste* and *rush!*
So late the thought there scarce was time
To string the helter-skelter rhyme.

If but the Muse had fresher wing,
He 'd gladly stay and try to sing
The golden Rose, the Cup, the Shoe,
The Ring, the Watch, the Salts, and Music new !

However much his song 's admired,
By this time, bard and guest are *tired :*
Therefore he begs you will allow
The singer now to make his *bow ;*
Give some a greeting, some a kiss,
Wishing each guest long years of bliss,
And many a gathering glad as this !

Dec. 14, 1877.



To R. T. W.*

GO, little shell and spray of green,
And let your changeless beauty say
That love and reverence, guests unseen,
Are with her on the Christmas day.

Say that to earth, to life, that brings
Such secret joy, such keen delight,
To musing thought, to all fair things,
Say—she hath lent an added light!

To C. C.

FROM the west the sunset fire
Kindled with a rosy glow;
High uprose the slender spire
From the valley green below;

And we walked upon the height,
While the light of evening fell

* This and the two following were written on Christmas cards bearing sea-shell designs.

On the belfry far and white,
"Like," you said "a sea-worn shell!"

Subtle thought and lovely night,
Closely linked, in memory dwell;
Cast, O friend, from fancy's height
Light as fair on this sea-shell!

To A. C. H.

HOW eagerly in childhood's day,
Mid rougher ways, 'neath clime more harsh,
We sought among the fragrant hay
The clam-shells from the far salt marsh!

And scarcely now the rarest shell
By sea-wave cast on sunnier shore,
Could make our dull hearts leap and swell
As those poor clam-shells did of yore;
Oh glad child-heart, more rich than kings,
Content and blest with simple things!

Christmas, 1878.

To R. C. W.

BREATH of the pink, and red-rose glow,
And spiræa's delicate wands of snow ;
And fretted ferns, and buds that swell
With the secret of beauty they may not tell :
And hyacinth bells, from whose glistening rows
The hoarded fragrance overflows ;
O, sweetest of messengers, silent and fair,
My heart has read the message ye bear,—
A message of love in sweet accord
With the Easter morn of the risen Lord !

April, 1879.

To C. C.

THOU dear delight of gardens old,
'Tis said : "There's Pansies, that's for Thought ;"
But this leaves half thy charm untold,
O flower with sweetest meaning fraught !

We'll grant to Thought thy living gold ;
But in the purple with it blent,
Imagination's wealth behold ;
And *Thought* and *Fancy* give—content.

XXVI.

Charade.

A MAIDEN walking on her way
Was by my *First* assailed;
And all unused to such rough fray,
Her woman's courage failed.
And well her woman's tears might start,
And well might she be sore dismayed,
As she beheld with sinking heart
My *Second*, which my *First* had made;
Yet she the trysting place had sought
With raiment daintily arranged;
And now the *Whole* of her sweet thought
By this mishap was changed.

Children's Valentines.

EYES of blue and hair of gold,
Half her sweetness can't be told;
Little Lady Bessie mine
May I be your Valentine?

Shy little Evelyn, tears are brine,
Bright be your eyes, says Valentine.

Gay little Susie, all sunshine,
She'll make a happy Valentine.

To A. C. H.*

INK, and purple, and white;
White, and purple, and pink;
Which is the source of keenest delight,
Which is fairest of all, do you think?

The white is pure as the trackless snow,
Or the unwritten brow of a child;
But something there lacks of depth and glow
In its purity undefiled!

The purple is grave as an autumn day,
A day in chill November,
When the clouds are dark, and the sky is gray,
And the heart will sigh, and remember!

But the pink, the hue of the early morn,
The tint of the bright sea-shells,
And the delicate blush of young love born—
Ah, the pink!—there beauty dwells!

Ocean Beach, Aug., 1881.

* On receiving a box of sweet-pea blossoms.

Pansy Faces.*

GAYLY the curtains of purple and gold
Sway in the breeze above the brown mould;
Dear little Pansy, still and content,
Sits in the sun in the door of her tent;
Thinking the earth is so green and so bright,
And the sun is giving such warmth and such light,
And the sky is so blue, and the air is so sweet,
She 's glad she 's alive, from her head to her feet!

Easter, 1882.

The Preacher.

To R. T. W.

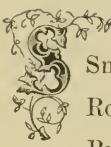
AH, I was young, and it was May,
When first I learned the preacher's name;
And now—it is a winter's day,
And Jack, dear Jack, is just the same;
Jack in the Pulpit! well I hear;
He speaks like far-off bells to my ear!

1884.

* Written on the back of Easter cards having colored pansy faces, sent to several young friends.

Christmas.

To S. E. B.



PRING hath its deep-hued violet,
Smiling with April tear drops wet:
Roses and lilies, queenly and fair,
Breathe their souls on the summer air.
Autumn hath asters and rod of gold;
But what hath the winter, leafless and cold?
Lily and violet, touched by decay,
Have faded from field and garden away;
By wayside and wood no longer nod
The starry aster and golden rod;
But the heart's blest sunshine, potent and warm,
And mightier far than cold and storm,
Has warmed sweet fancy's hidden root
Till her frailest flowers have ripened their fruit;—
Fruit like the fabled gardens of old,
And the Christmas tree has its apples of gold!

1882.

XXVII.

Charade.

To R. T. W.

THE dewy branches sway and sigh,
The winds of dawn begin to blow,
Fast fade the golden stars on high,
The daisies whiten fast below.
Sir Roland kneels at Ethel's feet,
His fond adieus and vows to pay;
And then through meadows fresh and sweet
From castle gate he rides away.

And gayly nods the favor blue
He in his helmet proudly wears,
And in his loyal heart and true,
Her image tenderly he bears.
Though thrice the days shall grow to years
Ere he that lovely face shall see,
Yet as he rides my First he hears,
That singeth now so joyously!

On, on, his good steed bears him well,
O'er burning plain, and parchéd stream.
Till where the war cries fiercest swell,
His spear and helmet foremost gleam !
And nightly 'neath the evening star,
And nightly 'neath the Syrian skies,
He breathes her name who dwells afar,
He sees the Heaven of her blue eyes.

Then pining in the captive's cell,
The only fear his brave heart knows,
Lest she, beloved so long and well,
Should count as false her lover's vows.—
For love and life the Knight doth ride,
The sleeping guard is far behind,
And with my Second at his side,
The steed is flying like the wind !

From feast and dance and minstrel song
The fairest lady turns away ;
His lands are broad, his will is strong,
Who sues for Ethel's hand to-day ;
And dark has grown her father's frown,
And in his eyes fierce gleamed the light

As at his feet, low kneeling down,
She breathed the name of her true knight,
Who vowed to claim her as his bride
When thrice the buds to flowers had grown;
And now her bitter tears to hide,
She seeks her garden bower alone.

Like dewy violets, her eyes;
Her brow and cheek, as lilies fair;
Till with a sudden, glad surprise,
The warm, red rose is flushing there,
Beneath her tears fast falling down,
As my Whole is laid on her golden hair,
In the soft moonlight,—a sapphire crown,
From minstrel Knight to lady fair!

1883.

Florida Roses.

To A. G. D.

THE wintry day draws to a close,
Chill and dark with early gloom;
When lo, a summer scent of rose
Breathes joy and gladness through my room:
More sweet than rose on wintry day
The kind remembrance far away!

Dec., 1883.

XXVIII.

Charade.

To A. C. H.

THE winter day draws to a close,
Like flame the western windows glow,
And flushes warm a tint of rose
Along the hills of glistening snow.

And where the pine-tree boughs o'erspread
The marble smoothness of the road,
With many a creak and groan, the sled
Creeps slowly on with toiling load.

The impatient woodman sees the gleam
  Of evening lamps far down the lane,
And urges on his slow-paced team,
  Which feels my First with sudden pain.

The shallow mountain stream sang low,
  When morning arched her azure sky;
At noon the white cloud mountains glow,
  And pile their toppling crests on high.

A wind is in the tall tree-tops,
  They bend before the sudden blast;
A whirl of leaves, and large lone drops,
  And then the summer shower falls fast;

Till swollen torrents foam and roar,
  And leap from every rocky height;
And he who nears his cottage door,
  My Second may not pass to-night.

Fair acres, sloping to a stream
  That flows beneath the willows' shade;
Through clustering evergreens, the gleam
  Of tapering spire and white façade;

A charm as of enchanted realms
Thrown nightly round thy pleasant homes:
The summer glory of thy elms,
With moonlight on their leafy domes;

Ah! these are fair; yet love I more
Thy lonely ways through field and wood;
For there, within my Whole of yore,
The lilacs and the farm-house stood.

1883.

To L. H.

MILE on, through tears infrequent shed,
Tears bright and brief as April showers,
Till all the happy paths you tread
Shall bloom and glow with sun-kissed flowers.
Beam tenderly, O love-lit eyes;
Kind fate the Eden hours prolong
In which you walk that Paradise
Where love transmutes all tears to song.

An Autumn Sunset.

THE leafless elms against the sky
A matchless purple traceery made,
And on the autumn-tinted hills,
Cloud-swept, the lights and shadows played.

Slow sank the red sun in the west,
And touched the gleaming spire with light,
And in the rose-flushed evening sky
The harvest-moon shone broad and white.

Lake, hill, and wood, the wide expanse,
In still and dream-like beauty lay:—
The quiet of the coming night,
The glory of the parting day.

Ah! when this dear Earth grows so fair,
And all my soul with rapture fills,
My doubting heart will often ask,
Is aught more fair on Heaven's far hills?

And then, rebuked, my spirit hears
The sweet mysterious written word:
"Eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived
What waits for those who love the Lord."

LITCHFIELD, Oct. 14, 1883.

Looking Back.

To A. C. L.

THE open sky and breezy hills—
Alas, I've left them far behind,
And in this "pent-up Utica,"
Some other comfort I must find.

O, Litchfield, thou wast passing fair,
When first I saw thy emerald hills;
And now that I am far away,
Thy beauty still my memory fills.

When wert thou loveliest? who shall say;
When green were all thy fields and ways,
Or when the autumn sunshine lay
On gold and brown through shortening days?

N. Y., Nov., 1883.

XXIX.

Charade.

To R. T. W.

SHE lingers long within her room,
Sweet Elsie, with her cheek of bloom,
To knot a ribbon, or wind a curl ;
And very glad is the heart of the girl,
As her glass gives back her pretty face,
Her rounded arm, and form of grace;
The love-light in her hazel eyes,
And changing color that comes and flies ;
And the maiden, in truth, is very fair,
With the sunset light on her chestnut hair ;
And, glad she is fair, glad for his sake,
Trips lightly away my First to make.

My First to make, and the board to spread
With the snowy cloth and light sweet bread,
And precious china, quaint and old,
And berries red, and butter like gold,
The fragrant tea, and the flaky tart,
And, triumph of housewifely art,
To that tempting board with its dainty cheer
My Second to-night will not draw near!

The maiden's heart and step are light;
She knows who 'll be the guest to-night,
And lead her forth, with a reverent hand,
To walk in that enchanted land
Where low, fond words, and love's first kiss
Are the sweetest draft life gives of bliss;
To walk in that land in a golden dream,
Though the feet but stray by the old mill-stream,
Unheeding the breath of dewy flowers,
While the minutes grow to flying hours;
Unheeding the music, soft and low,
Of the rippling stream in its quiet flow;
Unheeding all but first young love,
With the light of the solemn stars above,
And the light of my Whole below!

1884.

Departure.

To A. C. H.

SO fierce was Sol, I needs must fly
Afar, where hills rise cool and high;
The lovely place is all the same:
In maple boughs will orioles flame;
The gleaming lake a sapphire lies:
Far off the hills in grandeur rise;
On emerald fields I feast my eyes!

LITCHFIELD, June, '84.

Return.

To A. C. H.

CRIMSON and gold, ruby and green,
Purple and sunlit russet brown,
Most fair from ever-changing light and shade!
O rainbow hills, in autumn sheen,
I've left you all for this great town,
Where every horrid noise is made!
Chimneys I see, and dull, brick walls,
Clothes-lines, and foreign servant girls;
Nocturnal friends grimalkin calls,
And clouds of dust the fall wind whirls.
But crowds, and dust, and rattling street,
Because they're home, are somewhat sweet!

N. Y., Nov., 1884.

XXX.

Riddle.

To Addie M.

T runs all day, and it runs all night,
And in the morning 'tis still in sight:
It runs all night, and it runs all day,
But it never moves an inch away;
While 'tis just as busy as the busiest bee,
Counting what you never can see.

It never was known to speak a word,
But all about the town 'tis heard;
To call the workers when 'tis light,
And bid the boys to bed at night;
It bids the strong man go and come,
And sends the little children home.
All this and more 'tis known to do
Each day and week, the long year through;
While all the time it keeps its place,
And holds its hands before its face.

1884.

XXXI.

To Alice.

LL day long I rocked and I swung,
And I scarcely was noticed when I was young;
When I was young, and when I was small,
I rocked and swung with never a fall.

In only one suit was ever I seen,
And that from the top to the bottom was green;
Perhaps the *cut* was not very new,
But the *fit* was as perfect as a lady's shoe.

All day in the sun, all night in the dew,
Taller and stouter how fast I grew;
So well was I fed, so well was I nursed,
On every side my suit at last burst!

My pretty green suit—I could wear it no more,
But I never was half so handsome before;
The bee murmured it soft, and the bird sang it loud,
And perhaps you will think that I felt very proud;

Nay, nay, little friend, indeed 'twas not so;
I blushed, and I blushed, till all a-glow;
And you love me for blushing from top to toe!

1884.

A Late New Year's Gift.

To Sister S.

THIS bread-plate, I fear,
Is too late for New Year;
If ever a plate
Can come too late,
Provided there's anything in it;
And this one I'll fill
To the brim with *good-will*,
Which, though unseen, is a pile,
You can take from a while,
Without fearing to lessen or thin it.

And I send you a plate,
And one for your mate,
And one for each of the children four;
And with these you can feast,
From biggest to least,
On that same *good-will* mentioned before.

February five, eighty-five,
Hoping all will safe arrive;
Beguiling time,
With childish rhyme.

To C. C.

THERE'S many a thing we do not know,
And life hath many a glad surprise,
As when through veil of melting snow,
We see the arbutus first rise.

Yet when the winter days are drear,
And we walk musingly along,
One could but start if he should hear
Shy hidden birds burst into song!

A Rose.

To A. C. H.

WHAT wondrous rose, so delicately fair,
Less flower it seemed than folds of tinted air;
Or *dream* of rose, some snowy bud might hold;
And holding, blush to find itself so bold
As e'en to dream that bud might bring to birth
Flower so etherial 'mid the thorns of earth!
If flowers have souls, might we not softly say,
We saw the spirit of a rose that day!

March 6, 1885.

The Puritan and the Genista.

"The breaking waves dashed high."

To K. B. C.

UNCONQUERABLE on sea or land,
England still finds that grand old name;
And long as continents shall stand,
Let Puritans defend our fame!

LITCHFIELD, Sept. 17, 1885.

An Oasis.

To A. C. H.

WHEN summer smites the fainting land,
The Litchfield hills he spares;
And all their emerald summits stand
Unscorched, in crystal airs.

And here are wrought by light and shade
Such pictures as no art has made;
And scarce more welcome song, or lay,
Than this sweet silence all the day!

LITCHFIELD, June, 1885.

Rosabel.

To Mrs. N.

OOKS around with curious eyes,
Opened wide in mute surprise,
Wondering where she's come to dwell;
Helpless baby,—Rosabel.

Eyes of blue and hair of brown;
If she smile, or if she frown,
Is she sweetest, who can tell?
Winsome baby,—Rosabel.

Laughs, and crows, and claps her hands,
Not a word she understands,
When they say they love her well;
Darling baby,—Rosabel.

Soon the little lips will speak,
Kissing softly mamma's cheek,
Love and pride her heart will swell:
Precious baby,—Rosabel.

Little feet across the floor,
Toddling in and out the door,
Watchful, tender care compel;
Busy baby,—Rosabel.

When the baby, older grown,
Walks in new-found paths alone,
Pray, good angels, guard her well;
Guard the maiden, Rosabel;
Guard the mother's rose-a-belle!

LITCHFIELD, 1885.

To A. G. D.

HE robin and the blackbird come
And sing around our summer home;
From bough to bough the squirrel leaps.
From hill to hill the free wind sweeps;
'Gainst summer suns, a green defense,
The maple's shade spreads broad and dense:
The milk-white daisies nod and gleam,
The iris purples by the stream;
While at the door the laughing flowers
Welcome alike the sun and showers;
And exile here were blesséd fate,
Sat Mordecai not in the gate!

LITCHFIELD, June, 1885.

Many Sails.

To A. McN.

HENCE have they come, these wingéd ships,
This beautiful fleet, with the shining sail,
And the polished keel, that rises and dips
With every breath of the summer gale?

For never a king hath launched such fleet,
So fair a fleet to sail the seas;
Sail east, sail west, you never may meet
Or sight such keel and sail as these!

Tell me the realm from which they came;
Lieth it far away, or near?
Tell me its story, tell me its name,
And what hath brought its vessels here.

Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! No sign, nor sound,
Gives answering signal or reply;
Only a fragrance floats around
From where the ships at anchor lie.

No cordage creak, no sound of feet ;
No sign of any living things,
Save when above the silent fleet
Is heard the whirr of burnished wings !

Yet, gladder sight you scarce will find ;
The blue above, the green below,
And with the rising of the wind
The staunch barks rocking to and fro.

Their silken sails gleam in the sun,
And shake and flutter on the air ;
O where were all the colors spun
That toss, and dance, and shimmer there ?

The sails of one are like the snows
On which the winter moonbeams play ;
And one—her sails are of the rose
That floods the east at dawn of day !

On this the evening purple fell,
Without a sunbeam or a star ;
And those brown sails are stained full well
With many a crimson blotch and bar.

That, fit for battle ship of king!
Some dye that sail a scarlet gave,
Bright as the wild flamingo's wing
That skims along the tropic wave!

And this hath sails as darkly blue
As freshening winds tinge ocean's breast;
And those are like the sky's own hue
Amid white isles of cloud at rest.

And this, like dull November day,
That ends in sudden blaze of light;
That burns, and glows, and dies away
Along the dusky brow of night.

Not pomp of Rome, nor Tyrian dyes,
Nor royal pageants centuries old;
Banners, nor flags, nor tapestries
Had hues more bright and manifold!

But time and wreck, waste and decay,
Have claimed those pageants famed and sung;
While these proud sails are fresh to-day,
As when the weary world was young.

For long as sea and sky are blue,
The freight that is stored away below
Shall still the keel and sails renew,
And carve the prow—a bended bow.

Then tell me the realm from which they came;
Lieth it far away or near?
Tell me its story; tell me its name,
And what hath brought its vessels here!

From the suns of the South, or the snows of the North,
From the light of the dawn, or the shadow of dusk,
Did the thousand prows glide noiseless forth,
With a lading sweeter than spices or musk?

Upon the sails there is no mark,
Nor any name upon the keel;
Out of the silence and the dark,
No word their mystery may reveal.

But broad and fair that realm must be
Whose colors are the rose of morn,
The blue of upper air, and sea,
Crimson and purple, sunset-born!

And where its shadowy boundaries lie,
  Though none may ever tell or know,
Its wealth ungarnered feasts the eye,
  And fills the soul to overflow.

Come whence ye may, then welcome here,
  With all your unseen, fragrant freight,
And silent messages of cheer;
  Linger, fair ships, aye linger late!

LITCHFIELD, Sept., 1885.

To A. G. D.

HAPPY they who dwell at rest
  In pleasant homes from spring to spring;
While we, from either heat or cold,
  Must fly, poor birds, with broken wing!

Back, Back.

To A. C. H.

AWAY, away from the sweeping storm,
Away from the pleasant rainy days;
Back, back, where a million people swarm,
And crowd the low and higher ways.

Away, away from the open sky,
Away from the grand and stately trees;
Back, back, where the houses are all too high,
And close together as they can squeeze!

Away, away from the quiet and peace,
Away from the beauty of the hills;
Back, back, where the racket doth not cease
And worries fret like porcupine's quills!

N. Y., Oct. 27, 1885.

To A. C. L.

FAIR Lady L., fair Lady L.
Still rides her droll steed wondrous well;*
With storms in June, or frowns in May,
Coquettes and pleases every day!

LITCHFIELD, June, 1886.

*In allusion to another's.

PER CONTRA.

O Lady Litch, O Lady Litch,
You ride your "hog's-back" like a witch!
You freeze in April, scowl in May,
Tornadoes are your summer play;
Half of September's golden store
You kill with frosts; October, hoar
And chill at morn and even, burns
At noon; or drowns in floods, by turns!
O, Lady Litch, O Lady Litch
You ride your hog's-back like a witch;
I could not bide a winter wid ye,
Therefore of myself I'll rid ye!

NOV., 1883.

XXXII.

A Fish Story.

To C. F. D.

T is a fish that swims the wave ;
Cut off its Head, four feet 'twill have :
But cut again, poor thing, alas,
It neither swims nor eats the grass !
Of Head and Shoulders thus bereft,
And motionless what now is left,
Nor beast nor fish it longer makes,
But likest is to twin black snakes ;
But still it cannot run or crawl,
Or creep or swim, or move at all ;
And yet it scarce a marvel is
That one should sometimes hear it hiss ;
Still, wit and sense are in it found,
A sense that spoken has a sound
Most like that sudden cry of bird
The startled traveller oft has heard.

1886. ODD FISH.

The Mayflower and the Galatea.

To K. B. C.

THE first to bloom on rocky shore,
And First that sails the rocking wave ;
May proud New England evermore
On sea and land her Mayflower have !

LITCHFIELD, Sept. 13, 1886.

Return.

To A. C. H.

AWAY from the hills in their autumn brown,
Though fairer still than the pride of the town ;
Back to the odors, the dust, and the roar,
To the pent-up street, and the bolted door !

N. Y., Nov. 4, 1886.

Golden Wedding Song.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kimball. November 9, 1886.

FAR off the bells of memory ring,
With softened notes, a wedding chime;
The joyous music of the spring
Is in the mellow autumn time.

If skies be dark, or cold winds blow,
Or hoar-frost whiten all the ground,
Love doth not care, it doth not know;
It buds and blooms the whole year round.

No lingering rose was blushing red,
November, fifty years ago;
The aster's purple bloom was shed,
Earth waited for her veil of snow.

O'er russet leaves, 'neath skies of gloom,
When shortening days grew dark and cold,
One fearless flower, the hazel-bloom,
Alone shook out its bands of gold!

O, happy omen of the day!
The hazel-wand, 'tis held, will show
Where earth has stored her gold away,
And where her sweetest fountains flow.

O, stolen pressure of the hand,
And love-lit glance, and timid kiss;
Thine, first young Love, thine is the wand
That ever finds earth's truest bliss;

That finds the pure and constant spring
Which years but make more full and sweet:
In darkest days whose murmuring
Is music to the weary feet!

With steps they wished not to retrace,
While life yet wore its rosiest glow,
From the home circle's warm embrace
They parted, fifty years ago;

And, hand in hand, together went,
Each by the other's side to live;

In that unquestioning content,
Scarce seemed it life had more to give.

They lit with love a new hearth fire,
And made for each a dearer home;
Where thought, and hope, and heart's desire,
Like bright-winged birds to nest, might come.

Then busy days brought nights of rest;
No shadow fell athwart their way;
And fifty years their feet have pressed
A path whereon the sunshine lay.

While all who o'er their threshold stepped
Alike found welcome, rich or poor;
The generous hand of thrift hath kept
Wide swung the ever open door;

The generous heart been quick to feel
For want and suffering, ever near;
And, mindful of its neighbor's weal,
Hath gone to him with gift and cheer.

The long-rewarding years have brought
Honor, and friends, and just increase;
And in the fields at morning wrought,
Is harvest joy,—plenty and peace.

Again the breath of autumn shakes
The slender hazel's golden bands;
The century half its circle makes,
And still the bride with bridegroom stands.

For grace of youth and sunny eye,
For blushing cheek and glossy tress,
The jewels, Truth and Constancy,
Have given tenderer loveliness.

So strong he stands in generous deeds,
And she, so fair in love and truth,
Their golden afternoon exceeds
The morning beauty of their youth!

While, silver-haired, the matron grows
More dear in her gray lover's eyes,
Life hath not lost its fairest rose,
And earth still keeps its Paradise;

Still keeps its light, and bloom, and song,
And not all vain the fable old;
As speed the kindly years along,
They bring again an age of gold.

Love's hazel-wand through years has grown,
Till now it stands a stately tree,

Whose sturdy trunk no more alone
Uplifts its sheltering canopy;

The tender branches, grown and spread,
Have, banyan-like, their roots struck down,
And circle round the parent head,
Upraising each its added crown.

And children's children gather here;
The mystic wand has grown a grove,
Where bird, and flower, and fruit appear,
From that strong root of early love.

O, golden years of love and life!
Unbroken stands the household band;
Daughters and sons, husband and wife,
Still heart to heart and hand to hand!

Deep thanks we give, with heart and voice,
For eyes so long undimmed by tears;
For twice ten thousand household joys,
And for the crown of lengthened years.

Sweet western glow of lengthened years!
Long be it ere the evening come;
Then golden lamps dispel all fears,
Far shining from the heavenly home!

To C. C.

"There is PANSIES, that's for Thoughts."

"A flower is not a flower alone,
A thousand thoughts invest it."

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

"For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets and midst your bloom
There's a soul in every leaf."

HESE flowers the field of life have won,
Each struggling seed has fought its way,
And, dancing in the wind and sun,
In festal robes keeps holiday.

O, mystery of life, that drew
Up from the dark and sluggish mould
The glowing wealth of shade and hue
These fragrant, velvet petals hold!

From common soil, and sun, and rain,
How was this varied tinting wrought?
Nay, ask as well how in the brain
Is shaped its ever changing thought;

The fancy shaped that loves to trace
The shades and lines that mark these flowers:
And seeks, as in a human face,
Some hint of soul perchance like ours.

For who has found where Thought begins,
To mark its place with meet and bound:
Or say its subtle power wins
Not speech in color, as in sound?

Let Fancy have her sweet day-dream,
Unchecked by Reason's sterner mood;
Flowers may be more than what they seem,
And hint of things not understood.

And let me dream the pleasant dream
That claims a kinship with the flowers;
And in their many colors deem
Are symbolized our human powers;
Our varied, fleeting, human life;
Its swiftly changing light and shade;
The peace and rest, the heat and strife,
Of which the human flower is made!

Tell me what tint these petals lack
To paint life's sum, for dole or cheer;

From rose of dawn to midnight black,
Do not all meet and mingle here?
Till ravished eye no more can ask,
No more can burdened memory hold;
But falters at its pleasant task,
And leaves the marvel half untold!

Mingling and blending shade and tint,
Scarce two alike the eye can find;
And line and fleck, with odd imprint,
Have stamped them various as the mind.

Ambition, Thought, and Innocence;
Imagination, Hope, and Pride,
And all that lives in souls intense
Are in these colors typified.

Pause in the garden-walk awhile,
The host of mimic actors scan;
Then say with sigh, or say with smile
How like this is the life of man.
See them in sunshine nod and sway
To tell what gladness life can bring;
They dance and have their little day,
Their fragile beauty withering.

And this has little, that has much ;
But all one common dye have caught ;
No Pansy lacks its Golden touch,
No human soul its light of Thought !

See, this is brown ; the earth's own tint
Still to its modest vesture clings ;
Stern Labor's child, his eyes' bright glint
Bespeaks a joy denied to kings.
His are the days of cheerful toil,
Of freshening breeze and song of bird,
The fragrance of the upturned soil,
The sure increase from field and herd.

Reserved and shy, the Dreamers stand,
Purple, from light to darkest shade ;
Theirs is the realm of castles grand,
And life for them of dreams is made.
Let rose-hues flush the brightening East,
Or evening purple all the West ;
They sit at one perpetual feast,
And taste life's vintage at its best !

And bright in robes of living gold,
Stands clear-eyed Thought, strong heir of light ;

He grasps the new, he holds the old,
And his are treasures infinite.
His are all lands and every clime,
For what his chariot wheels can bar?
Guard well your secrets, space and time;
For thought mounts up from earth to star!

And here in blue and purple drest,
Doth not some lonely Hermit dwell?
Peaceful as yon blue heaven his breast;
In heaven he lives; not in his cell.
For faith and rapt imagining
To him bring heavenly splendors down;
He hears in dreams the angels sing,
And wears with them a starry crown.

Like hostile banners in the air
Two rival colors here contend;
Advance and fly; a truce declare,
And then the striving colors blend.
Ah yes! a dream of empire see;
Look, how the royal purple glows!
A Warrior, flushed with victory,
But *crimson* through the purple shows!

Why, shunning all the brilliant hues
Its gayly colored comrades share,
Does this a sable raiment choose,
And still the garb of sorrow wear?
But when was feast from sorrow free?
What heart but has its secret pain?
And through the sweetest minstrelsy
Forever grieves a minor strain!

All sweet stars formed this horoscope:
A simple life, with toil embrowned,
And rosy-hued with love and hope,
Golden with thought, and lily-crowned;
No title here, no world-wide name:
But life so full, so richly blest,
It asks not aught of place or fame,
Content in its own wealth to rest!

That crimson robe and crown of gold
A master wears with noble pride;
For brain and heart are quick and bold
That share life's ruddy, brimming tide;
Striving where toil and danger meet,
Defeat but nerves the sturdy will,

Till rugged ways that stay the feet
Grow smooth before his strength and skill.

In the glad throng and festal ways
Where rainbow robes their pomp impart,
This lily face uplifts its praise
Above a starry, golden heart.
Sweet saint, clad all in lustrous *white*,
No stain is on thy garments' hem;
Thy robe is woven of the light,
And sunbeams are thy diadem!

And fairest here of all the throng,
In regal gold and purple clad,
The monarch stands;—a King of Song,
Whose singing makes the nations glad!
Imagination's purple wings
In golden sunlight flash and change;
A splendor touches common things,
Transforming them to rare and strange!

And picturing thus what life achieves,
The schemes that mind and heart engage,
A robe this wondrous color weaves
For monarch, toiler, saint, and sage.

And what if this day-dream were true,
If life as real and as sweet
As human heart and brain e'er knew
Were thrilling at our very feet!
A life so exquisitely fine,
It lies beyond our grosser speech;
Beauty and fragrance but the sign
Of what the senses cannot reach!

For what is life in flower or man?
A riddle still that none has read;
A rainbow tint, a thought-lit span,
Ere, phantom-like, the life has fled!

Life fades and flies, to re-appear;
It wears a thousand fleeting shapes,
And blooming there, or breathing here,
The baffled search it still escapes.

Before the race of man had birth,
Her tender bloom the Pansy wore;
Her beauty still may grace the earth
When man shall walk the earth no more:
But where the flower never dies
Shall watch the river's endless flow,

And with unutterable surprise
Shall life's full bliss, life's mystery know.

1887.

"For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil ;
The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
Or the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze
Are but the groundwork of the rich detail
Which Fantasy, with pencil wild, portrays,
Blending what seems, and is, in the wrapt muser's gaze."

KEY

AND

ANSWERS IN VERSE.

Key and Answers.

ACROSTIC CHARADE I.

I. Rome.

II. Tyre.

1. Right; 2. Oratory; 3. Moor; 4. Exile.

CHARADE II.

Flagstaff.

CHARADE III.

Bluebell.

CHARADE IV.

Tulip.

CHARADE V.

Snowdrops.

VI.

Response.

I.

GLOWING with autumn beauty, OPHIR lies
On the far hills of solemn, olden story;
Her name, a transient splendor, fades and dies
In sunlit mists and gleams of golden glory.

II.

While lonely SHEBA, o'er the night of Time,
Shines like the morning star when heaven is clouded;
Through the blue rift, in queenly grace sublime,
A moment moves, then hides, in darkness shrouded.

1.

Oft, with Their treasures laden, weary bands
Press o'er the desert, thirsting, fainting, dying;
See, gleaming far across its arid sands,
The OASIS in verdant beauty lying!

2.

And in Their day, beside the Nile's rich flood,
Thou, time-worn Egypt, sat'st, with empire hoary!
Thy PHARAOH ruled, thy wondrous cities stood
Proud, vast, magnificent in sculptured glory.

3.

And from thy lordly towers thy sages read
The midnight stars in solemn beauty shining;
Moulded the HOROSCOPE, and formed the dread
Magician's creed, life, death, and fate divining.

4.

While from the Grecian shore a subtler spell
Was breathed, a mightier magic, nobler, sweeter,
What time thy graceful foot arose and fell
In music, light IAMB, gay sylph of metre!

5.

And where the stately river seeks the sea,
And wider shores its ampler waters measure,
Thy storied stone, ROSETTA, held the key
That guarded Egypt's wealth of buried treasure.

R. T. W.

VII.

Response.

AIRER the forms by mind controlled,
Than shapeliest vase of Parian mould;
And sweeter flowers can Fancy bring
Than blue-eyed violets of the spring.

I.

This day, by chance, I was alone,
All the dear household band were gone;
My wandering thoughts impatient turn
From snow-draped board and bubbling urn,
The solitary feast's array,
When, lo! a letter by me lay.

I broke the seal.—Companions came,
Song breathed around me, Wit's clear flame
Sparkled, and Frolic, Pleasure's child,
Sat as my guest and gayly smiled;
Fame's greenest laurels wreathed his head,
His magic voice its music shed;

All things a festal brightness wore,
And my heart softly whispered—MOORE.

II.

Then dark, yet glorious; sad, yet grand,
I saw a mightier presence stand:
Archangel pinions clogged with clay,
Powerless to reach the upper day;
Genius her dazzling halo shed
Around the young, dishonored head;
Passion's alternate gloom and glow
Wrote their fierce records on the brow;
Yet clear within those mournful eyes
Shines their last dream—self-sacrifice,
And lights with glory all thy form,
BYRON, lost child of Night and Storm.

I.

I turn the page; new visions rise:
The unmeasured plain before me lies;
The countless host, like stars in heaven;
The curse withheld, the blessing given;
While King and Prophet gaze afar
On bannered legions trained to war;
And awe-struck MOAB trembling knows
At once her kindred and her foes.

2.

The prow has touched its native strand,
The oar forsakes the weary hand;
The faltering footsteps homeward turn,
Where waiting hearts impatient yearn:
Now the soft gleam of loving eyes
Has pierced the folds of dark disguise;
Truth triumphs, traitors fall—'tis he,
The hero of the ODYSSEY!

3.

Oh, land of OPHIR! if no more
Thy galleys press from shore to shore,
Yet must thy storied treasures lie
Undimmed, unchanged, 'neath Fancy's eye.
Red glows the gold within thy caves,
Aloft the mighty forest waves;
I see thy peerless Algum trees,
I watch thy convoys ride the seas;
Thou liv'st a consecrated name,
While Faith and Reverence guard thy fame.

4.

Above, St. Mark's rich marbles glow,
Dark glides the gondola below;
Worn by the press of hurrying feet,
The mart where busy nations meet;

Thy cold heart guards its treasure vast,
The echoing memories of the Past;
Thy dumb lips whisper of the day
When all earth's splendors round thee lay,
Thou voiceful life of silent stone,
In Venice as RIALTO known!

5.

Tender be every word of thee,
Dear ERIN! emerald of the sea;
If free thy fights, yet fair thy flowers,
Green land of shillelaghs and showers!
Great were thy sons, ah! would but *one*
Return, and bid the Fenians run!

R. T. W.

March, 1867.

VIII.

Forget-me-not.

Response.

HEN first I saw your verses fair
Eager I sought some treasure rare;
But when the name above I read,
With vague regret I paused and said:

"What germ of thought can hidden lie
Within that title dull and dry?
What flowers of fancy e'er can shoot
From such a hard, unlovely root?"

The deeper lesson life has taught,
That words are but the type of thought;
That outward form agreeth not
With inward truth, was all forgot.

But to the task my mind I bent,
Resolved to be with truth content,
Whate'er its form, resigning quite
All hope of beauty, vain though bright;

When lo ! the wondrous marvel wrought
By faithful toil and patient thought ;
The germ unfolds, freed from its bands,
In beauty FRIENDSHIP'S FLOWER expands.

So from the fires of sacrifice
We see our buried treasure rise ;
And we the lesson learn once more,
That Truth is Beauty evermore.

K. W. F.

1867.

IX.

Response.

HE blessed Christmas eve draws nigh,
The casements glow with gold and red,
And radiance from the western sky
Gleams on the maiden's bending head.

Dainty, yet brown, the maiden's hand,
Kissed by the wind, the dew, the sun;
Deftly it folds the lengthening band,
And blithe the busy fingers run.

And, "Ah," she sings, "thou little hand,
Thou art not fair, thou art not fine;
But one I love would humbly stand
And sue to clasp this hand of mine.

"Thou marriage robe, my lightsome task,
Thou art not gay with gold or gem;
But one I love would gladly ask
The boon to kiss thy very HEM."

The task is done. She lifts her eyes,
And greets the sunset's golden glow;

And, lovelier than those evening skies,
O'er brain and heart sweet fancies flow ;

Dreams of a manly, toil-knit form,
Whose voice shall cheer, whose arm shall stay ;
A comrade through the earthly storm,
A leader toward the heavenly day.

Her dreaming soul is in her eyes,
She heeds nor hears the appealing knock ;
Till, with a sudden, sweet surprise,
His welcome touch is on the LOCK.

And "Come, my darling, almost mine,
Put on this wedding robe ere night ;
The bridesmaids wait, the tapers shine,
And earth is dressed in bridal white."

He leads her from her cottage home
Down the pure fields of virgin snow ;
Above them bends heaven's pearly dome,
Touched by the sunset's fading glow.

Dark, fragrant pines o'erhang the dell ;
The cottage-maiden pauses there,
Sees the gray church, and hears the bell
Pour its clear music on the air.

And gazing in each other's face,
  There murmured on the lips of both,
"Rememberest thou the hour, the place,
  The tree that heard our mutual troth?"

Then breathed each heart a tender prayer
  For blessings on the unspoken vows;
While o'er them trembled in the air
  The stately HEMLOCK'S graceful boughs.

R. T. W.

ACROSTIC CHARADE X.

I. THEBES.

II. TADMOR.

1. Tophet ; 2. Hegira ; 3. Euclid ; 4. Balaam ;*
5. Eldorado ; 6. Satyr.

CHARADE XI.

HAIR.

CHARADE XII.

I. PERU.

II. INCA.

1. Peri ; 2. Endymion ; 3. Rebec ; 4. Utopia.

* See Numbers, ch. 23-24.

XIII.

Response.

I.

N the golden autumn weather,
Through the gloaming still and clear,
Treading deep in purple heather,
Moves the hardy mountaineer,
Carrying me, his joy and pride,
Gayly down the mountain-side.
Light his step, his heart elate,
Gladdening still to feel my weight;
Ne'er did sportsman's footstep lag
Bearing home a well-filled BAG.

II.

Oft in old and storied days
Of the fair Arcadian land,
In the lovely woodland ways
Listening would the wanderer stand;
Arching bough and column high
Wondrous aisles of verdure made,

Lifting to the summer sky
All their glorious wealth of shade;
Floating vine and tendril wreathing
Each gray trunk with greenery fair,
Lightly wafted in the breathing
Of the sighing summer air.

Then he heard, as one who dreams,
Whispering tree-tops gently stirred;
Murmur clear of hidden streams,
Carol light of soaring bird;
Low of herds, far, faintly ringing,
Where the upland pastures lie;
Near, the hum of wild bees winging
Life away in melody.

All the mingled sweetness fine
Through his soul and senses ran,
And he murmured: "'Tis divine!
'Tis the PIPE—the pipe of Pan!"
Ah! the pipe was music then,
And its touch soft echoes woke
In the ears and hearts of men;
Now 'tis silence, sleep, and smoke!

WHOLE.

Exiles in an Eastern land,
'Neath a burning noontide sky;—
See the small, beleaguered band,
Gazing from the rampart high!

Whence shall come the rescue? when?
Hate and treachery close them round;
Tender women, valiant men,
Asking hope from sign, or sound.

Still their narrow fortress towers
Unsubdued; but round its walls
Deadly warfare lurks and lowers,
And each hour a comrade falls.

Weary eyes once more they urge
To the quest: in anxious haste
Sweep the far horizon's verge,
Scan once more the desert waste.

On the quivering noontide air
Neither plumes nor pennons wave;
Lances gleam not in the glare
Brooding o'er their living grave.

Naught of hope in earth or sky;
Hark! what tone, shrill, keen, and clear?
Some far bird's exulting cry,
Rising, sinking, floating near?

Ah, that note! Each heart it thrills;
Needs not clarion, trump, or drum;
Music of our Highland hills,
'Tis the BAGPIPE'S voice! They come!

R. T. W.

XIV.

Response.

LOVELY leafage of her thought
In a diadem be wrought!
Symbol flower and foliage fall
On her head, as coronal!
OAK for strength, and ELM for grace,
Shall their verdure interlace;
And Minerva's OLIVE meet
APRIL'S modest violet sweet;
In the crown for her entwined
Whose rich KINGDOM is her mind!

R. T. W.

XV.

Response.

OUNTAIN summits grand and bare ;
Lonely lakes in noontide rest ;
Lances gleaming on the air ;
Golden mail, and ebon vest ;
Strange the magic, potent, rare,
Which transmutes to things so fair
The inmate of a HOR-NET'S nest !

R. T. W.

XVI.

Response.

OHN SMITH" 's a fine euphonious name,
Grander than "Tony Lumpkin" ;
Yet oft would John renounce the same,
And a new patronymic claim
From any vulgar bumpkin.
Better might one from classic lay
Have suited him, that summer day,
When, thirsting, he the *Pump* would try ;
His *kin* in myriads hurrying by,
He sits and sees them drink it dry ;—
Tantalus, throned on PUMPKIN !

R. T. W.

XVII.

Response.

WILDLY the winds of March may pipe and blow,
For me a glorious palace rears its walls;
CORAL and PEARL alternate gleam and glow
In shining pinnacles and gorgeous halls.

1.

I gaze from out its lofty, pillared dome;
The magic scenes of life before me play;
On the green plain descends, like ocean's foam,
The snow-white CAMP, then vanishes away.

2.

Afar I watch the vast and bannered host
Move in its mighty march athwart the world;
I see the gallant plumes in sunlight tost,
The consecrated ORIFLAMME unfurl'd.

3.

And fair RAVENNA, on that summer shore,
Stands stately, 'mid her "immemorial wood";
Still gathering tears of AMBER, as of yore,
Wept by the blue waves of her faithless flood.

4.

By gracious airs of southern spring-time fed,
I see the mountain forest tossing free;
And there the deathless LAUREL lifts its head,
And garners its green coronal—for thee!

R. T. W.

XVIII.

CHARADE.

FOX.*

See Judges, XV. 4–5.

* Fo is the Chinese name of Booddha, *i. e.*, Siddartha Gautama, the reformer of Brahminism. China is now the chief seat of his religion.

XIX.

CHARADE.

AN OLD PAIR OF SHOES.

XX.

Response.

THWART the glory of the autumn wood
The first warm gleam of morning sunshine came;
Each massive trunk a golden column stood,
And bore aloft its crest of living flame.

Ruby, and gold, and emerald, all were there;
Each pendent LEAF, a strange and jeweled fruit;
The lightest breeze that stirred the sparkling air
Formed bright mosaics o'er the Maple's ROOT.

1.

Dewy and silent lay the grassy glade;
Round it the wood, like some rich minster, glows;
O'er-arching boughs long aisles of splendor made,
Vast casements shine with topaz and with rose.
And now into this fair Cathedral glide
The gentle votaries; joyously they pass
Through lengthening vistas, down the alleys wide,
And lightly tread the lovely floor of grass.
Maidens and youths! within the old wood's heart
They come to spend the happy autumn day;

The fair white cloth they spread with sylvan art,
And on its snow their dainty offerings lay :—
Clear, amber jellies ; fruits with blushing rind ;
Morsels, imbued with fragrance of the sea,
In fresh and dewy lettuce leaves enshrined,
Of LOBSTER'S rose-encircled ivory.

2.

Pure water gushes from the bubbling spring,
Whose cresses cool their simple feast prolong ;
And ECHO bids her sweet responses ring
To flute-like laughter, and to bird-like song.

3.

Swift speed the hours, till on the velvet lawn
They bring their dearer treasures to the day ;
The hidden volume from its nook is drawn,
And he who sung by ARNO lends his lay.

4.

With that sweet music, gracious silence falls
On the young lips, and on the bending heads ;
Eyes, reverent, seek the glowing minster's walls,
Or linger on the face of him who reads.
Now the rich Tuscan melody is o'er ;
They rise, long shadows lie upon the grass ;

Lingering, they pace the lovely swarded floor,
Then far through alleys wide and lengthening vistas pass.

Slow sinks the sun, and with the dying day
The mighty minster's jeweled glories die;
But on the FOREST glade the moonbeams play,
And in its boughs sweet evening breezes sigh.

R. T. W.

ACROSTIC CHARADE XXI.

I. Absalom.

II. Solomon.

1. Atlantis; 2. Banjo; 3. Saul; 4. Apollo; 5. Lyceum; 6. Oratorio; 7. Memnon.

XXII.

Response.

N silver moonlight the victim sleeps,
The stealthy foe through the dark shadow creeps;
Then discord unearthly the sweet silence mocks,
The white goose is off, on the back of the Fox!

They hunt the villain with hound and horn,
Through the wood where fair Evelyn roamed at morn;
Ah, well for the thief that young Arthur's love
Finds game that is rarer,—a lady's Glove.

And guerdon sweet did the knight repay,
In the stately garden, ere close of day;
But its secret is hid in the azure cells
Of the mute and motionless Foxglove bells.

R. T. W.

XXIII.

Response.

N the grand old days when a Cid ruled in Spain,
Sprung that exquisite union of grace and of force,
Firm on the Sierra and fleet on the plain,—
The beautiful Barb, the Moorish HORSE.

In the sad dark days when a king ruled in Spain,
The Armada sailed forth on its conquering quest;
Wrecked on the shore, or o'erwhelmed in the main,
Lay each warrior, each weapon, each rich treasure CHEST.

In the bright autumn days when the sun shines on Spain,
He ripens to gold the symmetrical dome
Of the grand Spanish CHESTNUT, on hill side and plain,
The same fair HORSE-CHESTNUT that greets us at home.

R. T. W.

P. S.
That GIPSY herself was a native of Spain;
Deluding, ensnaring, the web she did weave;
The truth must be spoken, albeit with pain,
She only existed that she might deceive!

XXIV.

MAN-HAT-TAN.

XXV.

Response.

COME from the desert," the South wind sighs;
"I have left my green PALM, where the torrid suns shine;
I bring fragrance and warmth to the chill northern skies,
And I sing my sweet song to the strong mountain PINE.

1.

Of the tides of the sea and the currents of air
I quicken the flow, and I deepen the power;
To the POLYP the delicate treasures I bear
That his touch shall transmute into fortress or flower.

2.

In the night, long ago, on his slumber I breathed
O'er whose rest ABISHAI kept vigil and ward;

Round the grand, kingly temples the dark locks I
wreathed,
And fanned his repose, while his foes were his
guard.

3–4.

And LEBANON! thou, with thy brows cedar-crowned,
Hast thrilled at my touch in those ages gone by;
And from days immemorial the MISTLETOE, bound
To the Oak, has received and re-echoed my sigh.

But to-night sweeter songs, richer treasures I bring,
Soft echoes of gratitude northward I bear;
I steal to thy slumber, and waft on my wing
The Orphan's warm tribute of blessing and prayer."

R. T. W.

CHARADE XXVI.

CUR-RENT.

XXVII.

Response.

SEE the steed in his swift career,
The song of the early LARK I hear;
The clanging hoof-beat, the glinting SPUR,
Each footstep bears Ethel's true knight from her.

But while I listen, and while I see,
The LARKSPUR'S azure deepens for me;
And the Lark's light music above me ringing,
To the chant of the nightingale grows in thy singing.

R. T. W.

"For the nightingale she singeth
While she leans on thorny tree,
And her poet soul she flingeth
Over pain to victory!"

CHARADE XXVIII.

BRAD-FORD.

XXIX.

Response.

ES, you "made it light;" it floats on wings,
Uplifted, like FIRE, and all soaring things;
As the delicate plume of a FLY, it is "light,"
And it gleams with a lustre less fitfully bright
Than the FIRE-FLY, which in the dim twilight might hover,
While Elsie, dear maiden, held tryst with her lover.

R. T. W.

ANSWER XXX.

TOWN-CLOCK.

ANSWER XXXI.

ROSE-BUD.

ANSWER XXXII.

BASS.

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